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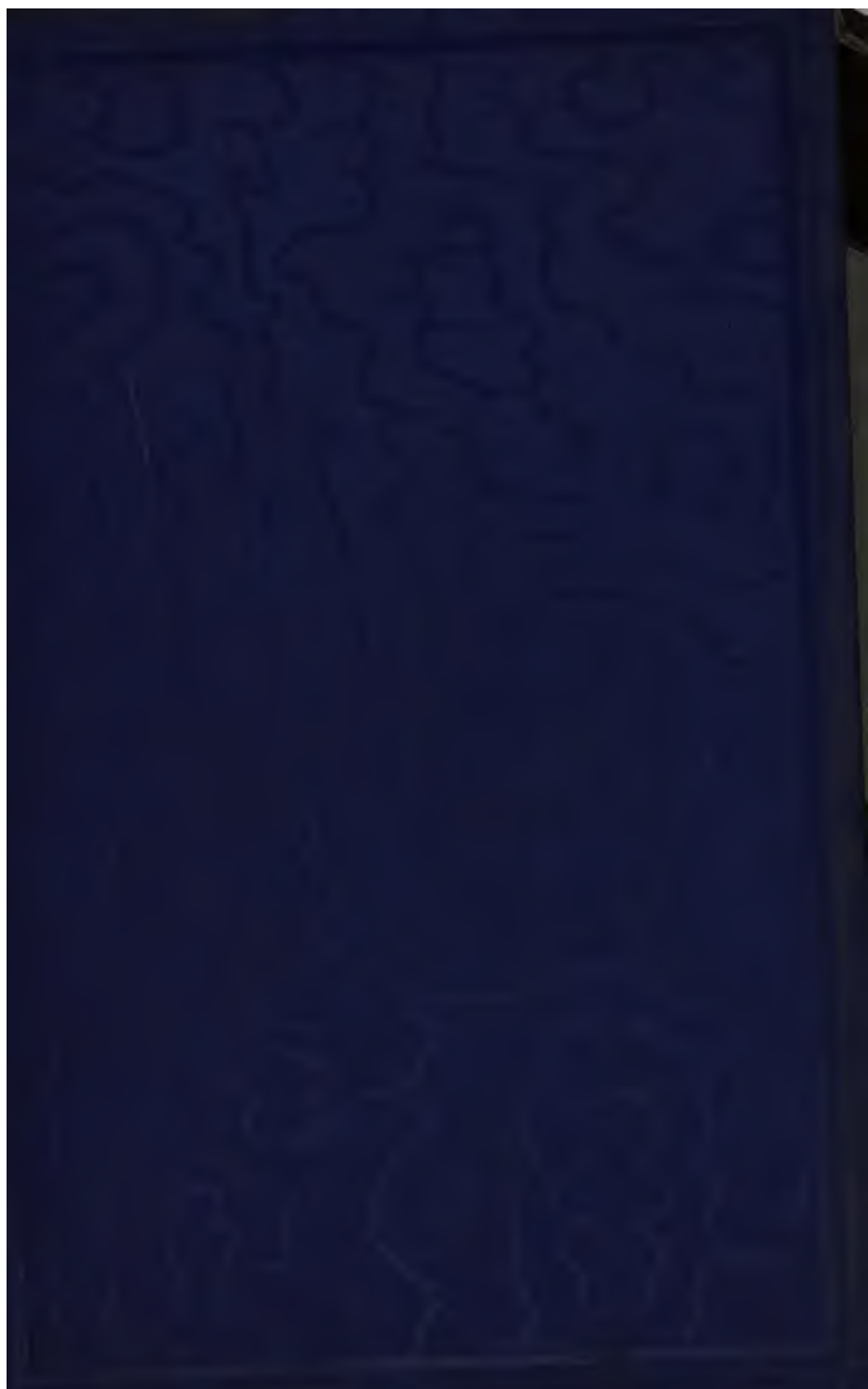
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THE LOG OF MY LEISURE HOURS.

VOLUME II.



THE LOG
OF
MY LEISURE HOURS.

BY AN OLD SAILOR.

VOLUME II.



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THE LOG

OF

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CHAPTER I.

HAVING completed the loading of her second cargo of lumber, the *Cleopatra* sailed again for Demerara, and reached that place after a rapid passage, without further disaster or any incidents worthy of note.

The change from the intense cold of New Brunswick to the oppressive heat of the West Indies proved very trying to the constitution, and almost unendurable. It seriously affected the health of the captain, who was laid up nearly the whole time the ship lay at Georgetown; and though he afterwards recovered from the fever, he was never the

same active, lively man he had previously been.

The state of Captain Brown's health gave McCallum increased authority, and he exercised it, in spite of the warning which Richard had given him, as such men usually do, with the greatest severity over those of the crew whom he thought least likely to resent his insults and oppression.

Amongst the seamen who had joined the ship whilst she lay at St. Andrew's, there was a Scotchman, named Sam Robertson. Sam was a handsome, muscular young fellow ; and though not more than twenty years of age, there was no smarter or better sailor on board of the *Cleopatra*, and none who performed his duties with more alacrity or more faithfully than he. Quiet and unostentatious, he soon won the respect of his shipmates in the fore-castle ; but because he was quiet, McCallum imposed upon him, and often gave him work to do which the other men on board would not have done ; yet Sam never repined, and went about his work, whatever it was, with readiness and at least apparent pleasure.

Ever ready to obey orders, and slow to resent injury, McCallum came to the conclusion that as he was very good natured, and had always a smile on his countenance, he must also be very soft, and would consequently stand any amount of ill usage or abuse without resentment.

It may be said that he arrived at that conclusion not without reason, for Robertson had been often spoken to as "you sir," and "you stupid," and "you fellow," and such insulting and descriptive terms, without showing any sign of displeasure.

Indeed, Tom Horner, and Richard, and others of the crew, were beginning to think that Sam really was a simpleton, or he would not so good naturedly have stood what he did from the mate.

One day, however, when the *Cleopatra* lay at anchor in Demerara, taking in her cargo of sugar for London, McCallum, who had been persecuting Robertson even more than usual, associated with other aggravating expressions one of his abominable oaths, so grossly insulting to the young man's

mother, that he seemed to have touched a delicate spring in the sailor's heart, and one he had never touched before.

"My mother, sir, was a virtuous woman," said Tom, with great calmness ; adding with a solemn, though quivering voice, "do not repeat what you have said about her, Mr. McCallum."

"Umph," said the mate, with a contemptuous sneer ; and much enraged with Sam for giving him back an answer, which he had never done before, he repeated the offensive words with emphasis, adding, "better women than her have been——(a loathsome name), and better men than you have been their sons."

"I warn you, Mr. McCallum," calmly replied Sam, but with all the manly indignation of a wounded soul, ready to burst forth. "My mother, I tell you again, was a virtuous woman, and much too good for her thoughtless, wicked son. But if, Mr. McCallum, I am an outcast from a home where I was once loved ; if I have been reckless, and wicked, and thoughtless, and bad, my love for my

mother remains unchanged. Her memory is now the dearest thing to me on earth. Although I am your servant, and at times you treat me like your dog, and I bear without a murmur, I cannot—I shall not endure any slur or any reproach upon the name of my dead mother. Do not, sir. I beg you will not cast reproaches on her memory. If you do, I shall make you suffer;” and the offended and indignant looks of the young and manly sailor were sufficient to convince any person of ordinary discrimination that he meant what he said.

McCallum however had no discernment, and while the young man apparently kept his temper, he could not see how deeply and grievously he was offended.

“Son of a ——,” repeated McCallum, in his fury; “what better are you, and how dare you?”—but he had not finished the sentence when the muscular arm of the grossly-insulted sailor was raised, and with the concentrated fury which a galling, thrice-repeated insult inspired, he with one blow of his clenched fist laid the mate stunned, and, for a moment, senseless on the deck.

The boatswain, as great a ruffian as the mate himself, together with the second mate, hearing the scuffle, which was the work of an instant, rushed to the assistance of McCallum.

"Stand back!" exclaimed Sam; "by God, if you lay one finger on me, I shall stretch you by his side!"

They seemed amazed, and for a minute stood aghast. His looks indicated the most determined resolution, and his roused spirit nerved his arm with double strength.

"That villain, that despicable villain!" said Sam, with a terrible calmness, which prevented any possible mistake about his intentions—"that miserable tyrant!" looking down upon him as he lay at his mercy at his feet—"that man called, and dared to repeat it, my good and virtuous mother by a loathsome name; and I swear, by the great God that lives in that blue sky above us, that unless he now, at once and before you, confesses that he lied, as he has often done, and trebly lied in his infamous accusation, he shall never rise from this deck a living man."

McCallum, returning to his senses, made a struggle to get up from his prostrate position; but Robertson clapped his naked foot upon the neck of the struggling mate, which it held with the grip of a vice.

“Own to your falsehoods, your infamous falsehoods!” cried Sam, now in a paroxysm of anger, as about to inflict deadly punishment upon the man who had so grossly insulted him. At that moment the second mate and boatswain, when they saw the young man about to unsheathe his knife, sprung to the aid of their superior. But the enraged sailor never moved an inch from his position, and with one swing of his arm sent the boatswain right through the open gangway at the waist, head over heels into the muddy water of the Demerara river; the second blow pitched the second mate down the main-hatchway, which, however, was so full of sugar-hogsheads, that he did not fall far enough into the hold to be much injured; then drawing the long knife that hung from his side in a leathern case, he uplifted it, and bending his body, was about to plunge it into McCallum’s chest.

The glittering steel, and the wild and now maddened looks of the grossly-insulted seaman, extinguished all courage, if ever there had been any true courage, in the heart of the prostrate mate. He implored Sam, in the most abject manner, not to kill him.

"Spare me, Sam ! oh, spare my life ! I did not mean it, I assure you I did not. I beg, I do beg your pardon," he cried, in the most craving and piteous tone.

"Not my pardon," replied Sam, "you are my master, you need not ask pardon from me ; but own that you lied, villain, doubly and trebly lied, when you called my mother, my poor dear gentle mother, by the name you did."

"I do, Sam, I do, I really do," exclaimed the agonized and poltroon mate ; "you will forgive me, Sam, I know you will. I did wrong, very wrong."

"So you have owned it was not true," said Sam, relaxing his hold, and speaking as if relieved from a heavy load on his mind.

"You have owned that you did wrong when you said that my mother was what you called

her—which she was not, for she was good and virtuous, too good for me; once in your life you have spoken the truth, and I forgive you.” And then the noble fellow, who had been so strongly excited by the galling reproach cast upon the memory of his mother, and who in his frenzy had overthrown three men, and could have laid at his feet double that number in the momentary paroxysm of his just and manly indignation, relaxed his hold of McCallum, sheathed his knife, and turning aside, sat down on a spar and wept like a child. An infant might have secured him then. Though the mate had asked forgiveness, and had been forgiven, he could not allow the matter to end there. No sooner was he released from the grasp of the young man whom he had so grievously offended, than he slunk away to his cabin, washed his hands and face, slipped into the small boat which was alongside, and pulled on shore in order to obtain a warrant to seize poor Sam for the assault.

The boatswain was none the worse for his sudden and somewhat awkward summersault

overboard, and Richard was wicked enough to think that if one of the large sharks, which prowl about the mouth of the river, had picked him up, he would have met with his appropriate deserts, and the world would not have missed him.

On that same evening Sam Robertson was apprehended, taken on shore on the charge of assault to endanger life, and summarily thrown into prison. The day following, however, when all the facts of the case were stated, the magistrate declined to commit him, on the ground that neither masters nor mates have any right to so grossly abuse the power given to them over their men, nor were they justified in using such language towards them as McCallum had done ; and that, though the servants were not justified in taking the law into their own hands, he intimated that it was not in human nature to expect that they would calmly endure gross insults to the memory of their parents. Therefore, and as McCallum had suffered no injury beyond the fright, he dismissed the case, with a recommendation that the young man should have

his discharge from the ship if he wished it. This arrangement was equally satisfactory to Sam and to the mate, for after what had taken place he was afraid that if ever he forgot what was due to those under him, Sam Robertson might again break loose upon him, and if he did, he might not be able to get clear of his iron grasp with the same impunity.

After this occurrence matters resumed their ordinary course on board of the *Cleopatra*, and during the remaining year she was constantly employed in the trade between London and Demerara. Captain Brown, who had never fully recovered from the attack of fever he had had on the return of the ship from New Brunswick, was seized again with the same complaint on the arrival of the *Cleopatra* at Georgetown on the voyage to which I am now about to refer, and was confined to his cabin nearly the whole of the time the ship lay there. McCallum therefore again practically in command, exercised his power in his usual and characteristic manner.



His second promotion to temporary, and to almost uncontrolled authority, in nowise tended to improve him, and he had not learned wisdom from the warnings he had received. Richard's life on board of the *Cleopatra*, under such a man, was truly miserable, so much so, that at times he actually meditated self-destruction. Though the boatswain did not flog him as he had done—perhaps Tom Horner's threat about the "punch in the ribs" had something to do with his moderation in this respect,—and though the mate did not kick him as formerly, when Richard knocked him down in the Bay of Fundy, they both persecuted him in a thousand aggravating ways to such an extent, that he could no longer endure it; and thus driven to desperation, it was the merest accident which prevented him from becoming an outlaw on the high seas.

Richard felt deeply and keenly his forlorn and isolated position. Temptation has often whiled youths away from their happy homes, and too often to headlong destruction. But he had no home. Cast adrift, like some

weed on the ocean of life, he had to make his way as best he could amongst its troubled waters. With no parents to aid him, and no friends or relations from whom he could obtain assistance or advice, he was indeed to be pitied. His life had become one perpetual drudgery. When wronged, he had no one to take his part, except honest and kind-hearted Tom ; but he, poor man, could do very little for him. Beyond him, there was no one to sympathize with him. A civil word was seldom spoken to him. A kind word his superiors never uttered. He knew his duty, for he had striven hard to learn it, and though then very little more than seventeen years of age, there was not a smarter or more willing sailor on board than Richard Claremont. But in no instance were his incessant labours ever rewarded with one smile, or even a faint look of approbation. He therefore yearned for a change, and whatever it might be, he felt it could not be for the worse.

Driven to desperation, he at last resolved to endure no longer the oppression of



McCallum and his boatswain. He knew that it was wrong to violate the agreement of apprenticeship into which he had entered; but endurance has its limits, and there are acts which justice sanctions, even if the law condemns. Hard work and wretched fare had been his daily lot; but he had been taught by adversity to bear without a murmur such hardships as these. The thralldom and petty tyranny, however, to which for two years he had been subjected, he could no longer endure. They became altogether intolerable. He deserted. In the still hour of the night he stole away from the ship he had been so anxious to obtain, but which, through the wrongs he had suffered, had become so hateful to him. A native boat gave him a passage to a jetty at the upper part of Georgetown, and thence he took the first road inland. His sole thought then was to get beyond the reach of McCallum's thralldom.

By daylight on the following morning, he was far away from Georgetown. A flat and uninteresting country lay before him. On

the road he met various gangs of negroes on their way to their work in the fields. They laughed and made merry with the "buckra boy" as they passed him. They seemed so happy, that Richard envied them. An overseer of one of these gangs, a white man, accosted him. In reply to his inquiries, he gave an evasive answer; but the overseer, who was a good-natured man, saw at once the facts of the case, and knowing the hardships to which sailor lads were too often subjected, he, instead of threatening to inform against him, gave him the address of a planter who resided five or six miles further away from Georgetown, where he would be likely to find employment.

"Well," said the planter, as Richard delivered the overseer's note to him, "run away? bad usage, aye? All right; I know such things do happen, for I was once a sailor myself. Here, Jupiter," he continued, addressing one of his negro foremen, "take this lad down to your hut, and give him water to have a good wash, and plenty to eat, and after that come back to me, and then we'll

see what job we can give him to do till he finds something better."

Jupiter's hut was a snug and pretty cottage, standing in the centre of a garden, with a yard behind it containing a small piggery and fowl-house, besides other tokens of substantial comfort. His wife, a tidy woman, as black as himself, supplied Richard with a pail of water, and then placed dinner before him. Refreshed and relieved from the perspiration and dust, he made a hearty meal of boiled plantains and pork—the negroes' favourite meal,—and a sumptuous one it was, compared with what he had been accustomed to on board of the ship from which he had just deserted.

At night he was provided with a bed in a neighbouring cottage, and he rose at daylight, ready for any work the planter or his overseers might give him to do. For more than a week he was occupied in assisting the carpenter and engineer on the estate in various jobs, which were light and easy compared with the work on board of the *Cleopatra*.

One day, when employed about the

7 planter's house, a gentleman, who was there on a visit, entered into conversation with him, inquiring his reason for deserting his ship, and to what part of England he belonged. The stranger, though a Spaniard, spoke English pretty well. He knew Devonshire, had been into Barham harbour, and at the mention of the name of Claremont, appeared to take an interest in the locality ; he also made many inquiries as to Richard's family, and if his parents were in life. Having been informed of the bad usage to which he had been subjected on board of the *Cleopatra*, the stranger, whose name was Floria, told him that as he had a small interest in shipping, he would be glad to assist him. He added, that it was his first visit to Demerara, though the planter with whom he then resided was an old correspondent. Mr. Floria further informed Richard, that the schooner which had brought him from Cuba then lay at anchor off Georgetown, and that as he should sail with her in a few days for Lisbon, Richard might have a berth on board, an

offer which the lad readily accepted, the work upon the estate being only temporary.

The Fleetwing, reported to be owned in part by Mr. Floria, was, as he described, commanded by "an intimate friend of his own," of the name of Periza.

Pedro Floria was himself a merchant of Lisbon, though by birth a Spaniard. He had branches of his house at the chief ports of the Portuguese settlements on the west coast of Africa, where he carried on an extensive, but at times a very mysterious, and as some people hinted, a very lawless trade. A man of polished and insinuating manners, he was also by repute one of the wealthiest traders in Portugal. No one there, however, appeared to have any objection to the mode in which he had made his money, as his society was much courted by the leading families of Lisbon; nor did they care, so long as he feasted them in princely style, and gave them a *carte blanche* to his gay assemblies.

But Floria, being a good deal away from home, and very much occupied when in

Lisbon, left the management of his household affairs to his wife, who was of English extraction, and to her niece, a young lady of great personal attractions, who had been brought up in the family since her childhood, and whom, having no family of their own, Floria had adopted.

As it was understood that the beautiful Miss Harmond would inherit the greater portion of her uncle and aunt's reputed fortune, she had many admirers, and had been asked in marriage by more than one of the sons of the best families in Lisbon, but her heart had been won, and pledged to another. Her engagement had for some time formed the chief topic of conversation amongst the upper classes; for though her lover was the son of a well-known Cadiz merchant, he himself commanded a Spanish cruiser, with an occupation of a mysterious and very questionable character.

Polished in his manners, and handsome in person and features, he was, though a corsair, and one, as afterwards appeared, of the most daring of his order, a man who could recipro-

cate the affection of his betrothed, and perhaps no purer feeling of love ever plighted two hearts in one, than that which existed between Captain Periza and Mina Harmond.

Eight or nine years her senior, they had been engaged for nearly twelve months at the time when the Fleetwing lay at anchor off Georgetown, and he was then on his way to Lisbon to be married.

His father and Floria were the reputed owners of the Fleetwing, but their names did not appear on the register. Although in favour of his son's marriage, he had insisted that it should not take place till he had retired from the sea, and joined him in the management of his business on shore, a very extensive one.

But the roving life which Captain Periza had led from his boyhood, seems to have possessed in his estimation so many charms, that the conditions which his father had named, though they had delayed the marriage, did not lead him to resign altogether the command of the cruiser. Retiring only for a time, he had become so accustomed, and so much attached

to the sea, that he did not feel happy at business on shore ; and even the attractions of his young wife, to whom he remained devotedly attached, had not, as subsequently transpired, induced him to remain for more than six months in Cadiz after their marriage.

A fortnight having elapsed from the time when Richard left the *Cleopatra*, and under the impression that that ship had sailed, he readily accepted the offer made to him by Floria. To his great disappointment, however, he found, when he returned to Georgetown, that the *Cleopatra* still lay at her moorings, though deeply laden, as if ready for sea ; but as the *Flectwing's* anchorage was close to the mouth of the river, and fully two miles away from the *Cleopatra*, he was in hopes that no person connected with his former employers would find him out.

The *Flectwing*, one of the most beautiful craft he had ever seen, proved in every way a striking contrast to the ship from which he had deserted. Of immense length, with great beam, and very shallow, she bore

out the character for swiftness her name implied. Her rig was that of a brigantine, and although very gracefully sparred, her lower masts were unusually taunt, and her foreyard quite as square, but not so heavy as that of the *Cleopatra*, a vessel more than double her tonnage. On the morning Richard joined, her hatches were on and covered with tarpaulins, and the cross-bars were locked as if ready for sea ; nevertheless, from her light draft of water, she could have little or no cargo on board. Though apparently of American build, and very much resembling the celebrated class of vessels known at that time as Baltimore clippers, she hoisted Spanish colours while she bore an English name. Her bulwarks were full of port-holes ; these might have served for use or ornament, but Richard thought he could trace the marks of gun-carriage wheels on her deck ; and right forward there was a circular plate of iron inserted in the deck, as if intended for a heavy swivel-gun to traverse upon. The forecastle-deck being however covered partially with various articles, he might have

been deceived, and the iron plate may have been required for very different purposes.

The crew formed a sad contrast to the beautiful craft in which they sailed ; dirty and daring, with a set scowl on their foreheads, they were the most reckless-looking lot of devil-a-cares that could well have been found together in any similar space. Nor did they appear to have any employment beyond keeping the schooner in order. Three times more of them than could possibly be required for the ordinary duties on board of any merchant schooner, they were generally lounging idly about the decks, and often drinking and playing cards.

It was a matter for surprise how Captain Periza and his first officer, who were evidently men of iron nerve and of no common determination, could allow the crew to act in that free-and-easy way. Richard however did not know then, and I dare say it never entered his head to suppose, that the crew were depositories of secrets which, if revealed, would have convicted their captain and officers of piracy ; and though their own necks

would also have been in jeopardy, the knowledge they possessed obliged the captain to allow his men, when in harbour, to do pretty much as they pleased.

But though Richard had suspected the nature of the traffic in which the schooner was employed, he would have been disposed to remain with her, rather than again subject himself to the petty oppression of McCallum and his boatswain, for he felt that nothing could be worse than the galling tyranny of these two men.

On the morning, however, of the third day after he had joined the Fleetwing, and whilst occupied in scrubbing the paintwork outside of that vessel, a small boat pulled close to him, in which he saw one of Messrs. Montgomery and Armstrong's clerks, who had frequently been on board of the Cleopatra. The clerk must have recognised him, for in the course of the afternoon he was claimed as a deserter, and taken from the schooner. Mr. Armstrong threatened to send him before a magistrate to be punished if he did not forthwith resume his duties on board of the

Cleopatra, advertised to sail for London on the following day. No other course being left open to him, he did so, to the delight of Tom Horner, who gave the boatswain a hint that he would most assuredly, the next time he injured the lad, have his long-promised "punch in the ribs."

McCallum received him with his usual "humph," and the boatswain with a smirk and a scowl, but neither of them said anything, beyond allotting to him his work for the day. The morning afterwards, the Cleopatra got under weigh. On the same day, and about the same time, the schooner, under a press of canvass, and moving along with all the grace and beauty of a thing of life, also took her departure, and sailed for ever from the harbour of Georgetown.

CHAPTER II.

CAPTAIN BROWN never thoroughly recovered from the severe illness he had had on his return from the Bay of Fundy. It seemed to have broken him down in body and spirit; and though well enough for twelve months afterwards to attend to his duties, he was no longer the go-a-head Skysail Jack he had been. His “Yorrick, and ye ho, hark and away,” were never heard, and altogether he was a changed man. Matters had again become very serious with him on the last voyage to Demerara—so serious indeed, that the departure of the *Cleopatra* for London had been delayed, on account of his illness, for more than a week, which accounted for that ship not having sailed at the time anticipated.

The captain however rallied, and as the doctor was of opinion that the sea air and the change into a colder climate would be more likely to save his life than remaining at Georgetown, the *Cleopatra* proceeded on her voyage. For the first three days he improved, but after that a very sudden change for the worse took place. He gradually sunk, and in the course of a week he died. His loss was severely felt by the crew.

The burial took place on the day after his death, as in a tropical climate the body cannot with prudence be kept longer. The ceremony, the first of the kind Richard had witnessed at sea, was an affecting scene. At the time it was calm, and not a cloud to be seen, whilst a strong glare of light from the sun, just setting—sailors have a fancy to bury their dead at that moment,—spread over the surface of the undulating waters of the Atlantic.

The carpenter had made a rough deal coffin (the common sailors are buried in their hammocks), in which the body was deposited, with sufficient weight of iron shot

stowed at the feet to sink it. The coffin, painted a dingy and dirty black, and covered with the ensign, lay upon the ship's rail at the gangway, ready to be launched into the sea at the appointed signal. The whole of the crew were gathered together around the coffin, and unfeigned grief was depicted on every countenance, with the exception of McCallum, though he read the prayers for the dead with many sighs and groans :—he had had an extra glass of grog, and the sighs and the groans were evidently the production of the extra grog, and not caused by the grief. However, be that as it may, if sorry for the death of Captain Brown, it was clear, from the way in which he strutted about the quarter-deck afterwards, and conducted himself, that the pride of having become *Captain* McCallum more than consoled him for the loss. He read the prayers with moanings and mock solemnity, but, unfortunately, when he got to the passage "earth to earth," he thought it would be more appropriate to say "earth to water," at which one or two of the crew could not



help grinning, and amongst the number Richard Claremont. McCallum stopped, scowled, and picking out the weakest of the grinners, he gave him a crack on the head, exclaiming—"Take that, for laughing at your captain!" Richard, though he felt disposed to resent the blow, received it without remark, unwilling to cause any disturbance on so solemn an occasion; and McCallum, pulling up his shirt collar, and intimating that he would "stand no nonsense," ordered, in almost the same breath, the slip-rope to be withdrawn from under the coffin. It fell with a plunge into the sea: sinking for ten or twelve feet, it immediately afterwards rose to the surface, and as it filled with water, gradually sunk again, until it was lost to the gaze of the crew, who with real sorrow watched it slowly going down into the deep blue waters, to rise no more till the great ocean shall be called upon to give up its countless dead.

After this mournful event, made ludicrous by McCallum's conduct, matters went on very much as heretofore, till Richard met

with another misfortune in the loss of his fellow-apprentice, Willie Hall, who was drowned as they approached the English Channel.

For two or three days previous to the time of the accident, a strong gale of wind had been blowing, but on the day Willie lost his life, the weather had suddenly changed from a gale to a calm, with a clear blue sky overhead. Richard at the time was asleep in the fore-castle ; but the rush along the deck, with the startling cry of a man over-board, awakened him. At the first sound he leapt from his hammock, and upon deck, and thence to the jolly-boat which hung suspended from the davits on the star-board quarter ready to be lowered, but all was over. The drowning boy, not ten yards away from the quarter of the ship, was fast sinking, and evidently insensible, for he made no effort to save himself, and did not seem even to notice the rope which had been thrown to him. Before the boat could be lowered, he had sank many fathoms below the surface of the water.

Poor Willie having been sent to loose the jib, had been thrown from the jib-boom through the uneasy motion of the ship, and in his descent he had no doubt struck the martingale, or some other projection from the ship, and had thus been stunned. Everybody on board felt his loss, and even McCallum swore and drank less in the course of that day than had been his custom since the death of Captain Brown.

On reaching the chops of the English Channel, the *Cleopatra* encountered a succession of heavy gales from the south-east, and very disagreeable weather. During more than a week, the sky was overcast, and no observation had been obtained, and as the soundings had been taken at so great a depth as to render them very imperfect and uncertain, it was whispered in the fore-castle that McCallum did not know the position of the ship.

"I don't like this at all," said old Tom Horner to Richard, one morning while they sat at breakfast in the fore-castle. "Our skipper looks like a man who has lost his head, and didn't know where we were."

"I am sure he don't," said Welsh Davie, bringing out from his chest a very dilapidated copy of Mercator's chart, folded into squares, and on which he had, during the passage, professed to mark the ship's course.

Now it must be understood that there is generally to be found in the forecandle of every merchant vessel one man who is, or who professes to be, more learned than his shipmates, and to whom the rest of the crew generally refer for the proper definition of a word, or the elucidation of any abstruse subject. In the *Cleopatra*, Welsh Davie—never known by any other name on board—was the man of learning. Davie, one of the longest-winded of men, used words difficult to pronounce, and professed to be able to speak various languages. He was also, in his own estimation, proficient in mathematics—could take the meridian altitude of the sun, as well as make lunar observations, and could lay down the ship's course on a chart. These were all subjects with which Davie said he was very familiar, and as none of the sailors knew the difference



between Davie's native Welsh and any other language, ancient or modern, except English, nor had any learning themselves, they were not in a position to question his knowledge. That portion, therefore, of the crew which occupied the fore-castle entirely coincided in Tom's statement, that "the skipper did not know where the ship was," especially when Davie had confirmed it.

According to Davie's reckoning, the *Cleopatra* was to the northward of the Land's End, whereas McCallum, if he understood his profession as a navigator, ought to have shaped a course which would have brought the ship, when steering for soundings, very considerably to the southward of that well-known promontory.

Such was the very unsatisfactory state of matters, when the ship encountered the same weather I have named—at all times unpleasant, and especially so when approaching the land in a gale of wind, with the sky overcast. If Davie was right, then the *Cleopatra*, through McCallum's ignorance, might get into a position of great

danger, though so long as the gale kept from the south-east, she was comparatively safe from shipwreck on that part of the coast of Great Britain; but as the wind was shifting about from south-east to south, and sometimes to south-south-west, with a heavy cross-sea and thick weather, there was no telling what might happen.

A state of things such as this may be best described by the expression universal in the fore-castle—" *I don't like it;*" and when sailors lose confidence in the judgment and knowledge of their captain, his orders are not obeyed with alacrity, always obeyed in doubt, and sometimes not obeyed at all, and thus the danger is materially enhanced.

In the midst of this doubt and uncertainty, and in one of the terrible gusts which so often accompany southerly gales, the Cleopatra had the misfortune to carry away her bowsprit end, which the spring of the jib-boom had snapped at the cap, and with it the fore-topmast, main-topgallant-mast, and, of course, the jib-boom itself were carried overboard.



McCallum was frantic when this accident occurred, swearing, and coaxing, and bullying, and even crying alternately, as he ordered and then implored the men to get in the wreck of the spars which were knocking against the sides of the ship ; but it was next to impossible to carry out his orders, with the ship pitching and rolling in the trough of a very heavy sea, and the waves at times washing on board in vast volumes. Nor was it easy to cut the wreck away, for some portions of it were fastened to the hull by chains, which could not then be reached.

In this state the *Cleopatra* lay all night. It was one of the most fearful nights that Richard had ever encountered, and so critical, that every one on board expected the ship to founder.

“Curse that fellow ! why don’t he get a bowling-hitch round the boom end,” McCallum would cry, in a paroxysm of rage, one moment, while immediately afterwards he would be heard imploring the men to save or clear the wreck. “Oh, do, that’s a good fellow, Tom ! Now you have it, Tom—hold

on and get it in—do, do! My God, it's all up!" and thus this wretched specimen of frail mortality, half dazed with drink and fear, went on the whole of that terrible night.

The second mate, who had been promoted on the death of Captain Brown, though very weak and very stupid, was happily a sober man, and under him the sailors worked very well; but in their own preservation, they had the greatest inducement to extra exertions.

Seeing that McCallum (for no one on board ever honoured him with the title of captain, except in his presence) was altogether unnerved, the seamen, under the guidance of the mate, and by the advice of Tom Horner—as they had as little respect for the boatswain as they had for the master,—performed wonders.

By their exertions, after twenty-four hours of incessant labour, the wreck was cleared, part of it having been got on board and part cut away, and the ship saved from the immediate peril of foundering.

When the gale moderated, and the weather



became sufficiently clear to obtain an observation, it was found that the *Cleopatra* actually was considerably to the northward of the Land's End. Whether she had drifted there during the gales, or had been brought into that position, as Tom Horner had feared and as Welsh Davie had stated, through the ignorance of McCallum, the crew had no means of knowing. Such however was the fact, for after the storm they found themselves in Milford Haven, and to their great joy, anchored safely in that magnificent roadstead. How they got there was always a mystery to them, as I dare say it was to McCallum himself, who, during the previous week, had really been like a man who had lost both his way and his senses.

The *Cleopatra* remained in Milford Haven for nearly a fortnight, refitting with fresh spars and rigging. Besides a new bowsprit, jib-boom, and top-mast, it was found that the fore-mast had been sprung when these were carried away, and that it required to be replaced by another. A fresh supply of the principal sails was also required, as most of

them had been blown away, or rendered worthless during the passage home.

Milford Haven proved a pleasant change to the crew of the *Cleopatra*, and they enjoyed the comparative quiet and rest which the anchorage afforded. It is only those persons who have had the misfortune to be obliged to occupy the fore-castle of such a ship in stormy weather, who can fully appreciate the charms of a snug roadstead and a dry bed. People who live at ease on shore know nothing about the joy such a change affords. Apart altogether from their increased work during the continuation of bad weather, the crew had had little or no rest. In gales such as I have named, all hands were generally obliged to be on deck during the greater portion of the twenty-four hours ; but, indeed, a change to their hammocks in the fore-castle was only a change to another state of suffering and misery, for these were always damp, and frequently soaking wet from the water which oozed through the deck or washed down the scuttle. The open deck was often preferable to the covered space appropriated to



the seamen of the *Cleopatra*. Considering the filth collected in the corners and beneath the sailors' chests, the heavy damp smell, and the effluvia from thirteen or fourteen human beings pent up in so limited a space, it would have been impossible to find in any part of the world, on shore or afloat, a more wretched place of abode than the fore-castle of that ship. Then, when the inferior quality of the provisions was taken into account, with the meat half cooked, and the biscuits soaked by the sea water which found its way into the bread-locker, our philanthropists might well have asked if it were possible to find a larger amount of wretchedness in any felon's cell, or in any workhouse, or in any night asylum at home or abroad, about the discomforts of which so much has been said and written.

Milford was indeed a welcome resting-place to the worn-out crew of the *Cleopatra*.

It was here that Richard had the opportunity of seeing for the first time a royal dockyard. Pembroke being the only place where a spar suitable for the fore-mast could be obtained, he, with others of the crew, had

been sent to assist in getting it from the yard and towing it alongside. As many forms had to be gone through before the spar could be removed, he had abundance of time to stroll leisurely through the yard. Here he had, for the first time in his life, an opportunity of comparing a royal dockyard with those bee-hives of industry which line the banks of most of our great rivers, and the contrast made an impression on his mind which he never forgot.

At Sunderland, for instance, the men handle their tools as if their whole thoughts were intent on their work ; at Pembroke, they appeared as if their chief employment consisted in learning the easiest mode of killing time. Full half an hour was employed in getting their tools ready, and sometimes a great deal more time if they required sharpening. If five minutes' consecutive work was performed, it became necessary to rest for a similar period to examine their axe or adze, lest it should be too blunt for a second five minutes' labour. If no excuse could be found for another visit to the grindstone, the

men commenced a search for something in their tool-boxes they did not expect to find there. Labour at ease can be seen to perfection in any of Her Majesty's dockyards. As it begins, so it ends. Half an hour before dinner, or before the time when they leave for the day, the men commence preparations to depart, so that not a moment of their time may be lost, whatever may become of the time of the nation, for which John Bull annually pays so large a sum of money under the head of navy estimates, and gets so little in return. Such, perhaps, is one of the hundred and one reasons why our ships of war cost double what they ought to do; and it is a reason which will become very clear to the mind of any man of common sense and ordinary discrimination who takes the trouble to walk through a private ship-building yard in any of our sea-ports, but more especially on the Clyde, or in the north of England, and afterwards spends an afternoon in any one of the royal dockyards.

The Cleopatra having completed her refit, left Milford Haven with the wind from the

northward, shaping a course for the Land's End, which she happily sighted and hauled close round, very much to the satisfaction of the crew, and especially of Welsh Davie, who said that if McCallum ever lost sight of the land he would never be able to find it again. The wind suited them to keep the English land in sight all the way up Channel till they got a pilot off Dungeness, and the weather continued fine during the three days they were engaged in working up from Dover to the West India Docks, where on this occasion orders had been sent to discharge.

The Cleopatra, from the first a very inferior ship, had on her last voyage so thoroughly damaged the cargo, that a special survey was held, which resulted in a notice to the owners, that unless she underwent very extensive repairs, her name would be struck from Lloyd's registry book. Mr. Montgomery would not at first believe that the ship was in the state represented, and had a long discussion with the surveyors on the subject. They however practically confirmed their opinion by a blow of the axe,



which went right through the covering board into a pit of dry-rot, of which the whole of the top timbers in the waist afterwards proved to be one mass.

There was no answer to the state of things which the blow of the axe so speedily revealed. All hands were therefore discharged, except Richard, who was then the only apprentice belonging to the *Cleopatra*, and as the repairs would occupy from three to four months, Mr. Montgomery, to his inexpressible delight, appointed McCallum to the command of another ship, who happily took with him the boatswain. What became of them cannot be a matter of much interest to any of my readers; but I may state, that some years afterwards McCallum died of brain fever, or *delirium tremens*, while on a voyage to the coast of Africa, and the boatswain ended his days in a poor's-house in the neighbourhood of London, without undergoing the pain and humiliation of having had his ribs punched, at least so far as Tom Horner was concerned.

Not very far away from the wicket-gate at the upper part of the West India Docks,

may still be seen an old-fashioned ship-building and repairing yard, with a dry dock so limited in its dimensions, that when a vessel of moderate size is put into it, her figure-head looks down upon the narrow street which bounds it to the north, and her bowsprit all but touches the houses on the opposite side.

Into this dock the *Cleopatra* was placed for her repairs, and in one of the houses opposite lodgings were provided for Claremont, so that he might be close to his work on board. The house was small, consisting of only two stories, the basement forming a cook-shop in front, with the dining or everyday room behind, and four bed-rooms upstairs ; but here Richard was exceedingly comfortable ; indeed, till then, he had not known what comfort was since he left Barham ; and his happiness was greatly increased by the companionship of Tom Horner, who had taken up his quarters in the same house, and to whom Mr. Montgomery had given the job of looking after the *Cleopatra* while she remained in dry

dock. Old Tom and Richard were therefore the only persons attached to the ship while undergoing repair.

The *Cleopatra*, when opened, was found to be worse even than had been anticipated by the surveyors. Nearly all her top timbers were decayed, and had to be removed, and much of her planking was also gone with dry-rot, so that six months elapsed before she was again ready to take in cargo. Richard's time was fully occupied in his duties connected with the ship during the day, and on work somewhat similar to that on which he had been engaged at Shields when he first met old Tom. The rigging requiring to be stripped and examined, and repaired where necessary, Mr. Montgomery took care that Horner should have something to do besides acting as ship-keeper.

But though busily employed all day, Richard did not idle away his evening hours. He knew that he could not rise in his profession, unless he obtained not merely a knowledge of its practical parts, but was also proficient in navigation, and acquainted with

the mode of conducting business, the art of letter writing, and with various matters which every man above the mere manual labourer requires in every-day life. 'The experience he had had at sea in the duties of steering, reefing, and furling, and the instruction of Tom Horner, both at sea and on shore, in all the arts of splicing, knotting, and serving, had made him a thorough practical sailor ; but his education at Barham had been very limited ; and as he had had no time to study since he left school, he applied himself with great eagerness to obtain a knowledge of navigation during the time the *Cleopatra* remained in London. Every night therefore, except Saturday and Sunday, he attended from seven to ten o'clock a school in the neighbourhood, where he was taught not merely the art of navigation, but where he also increased his knowledge of arithmetic and composition, and the rudiments of mathematics. Purchasing with his limited wages, and the few shillings which Tom now and then slipped into his pocket, such books as were most likely to be useful and instructive,



he studied them every spare moment, and thought over their contents while at work on board of the ship. For instance, a book which explained how a ship was built and rigged, and worked and managed, or gave any other information about her, was much prized ; for then he was enabled to understand the subject both theoretically and practically. By such means as these he became, before he was eighteen years of age, sufficiently proficient in his duties, both as a sailor and a navigator, to be entrusted with the charge of a ship in the capacity of second officer, should a vacancy occur and be placed at his disposal in any of the numerous vessels then owned by Messrs. Montgomery and Armstrong.

CHAPTER III.

ON the banks of the lower Thames, there is perhaps no prettier or more interesting spot than Blackwall pier. Greenwich hill rising above the noble, but once grossly-mismanaged hospital, with the elevated grounds of Blackheath, studded here and there with clusters of magnificent trees, are beautiful objects in the landscape. Then art has greatly enhanced its many natural attractions; for amidst the rich verdure and green-clad hills rise various country seats and numerous villas, while the Thames, forming the foreground, presents a scene of never-ceasing, ever-varying industry. Indeed as a whole, there are few more interesting spots to be found in any part of England.



It was here that Tom Horner and Richard frequently spent the Sunday afternoon, while the *Cleopatra* was under repair. In the forenoon they generally attended service on board of the small Bethel-ship, which was then moored in the Pool, for Tom had a religious turn of mind.

“ Well,” he would say, when discussing the subject, “ I don’t know much ; but it don’t require much learning to know that there must be some one far greater than any one here to keep everything in order, and that we ain’t living and learning to die like a dog. Well, d’ye see, if that’s so, and I am sartin it’s so, then you and I, Richard, can’t get on without Him. He made us ; and He keeps us, and He guides us, and we don’t do right, if we don’t thank Him and obey Him ; and therefore, I always like to go to chapel at least once every Sunday.”

Tom could not give any very strong reasons why he should not go twice to chapel on that day, except that he did not think there was any harm, especially in a working man who was confined all the week, taking a quiet

walk in the green fields, or on the Blackwall pier on a Sunday afternoon, when the weather was fine and inviting. Yet Tom was a good christian. Faith he had in its highest sense, and there is no better measure of a man's christianity. He had wisdom enough to understand that a man must be a fool who denied everything he could not comprehend, and thus his faith was firm. He reasoned, that as the blind man could not understand the sense of seeing, nor the deaf man that of hearing, there were many things which must belong to a Great Creator, or to beings of a higher order than ourselves, which we, with our limited senses and faculties, must take by faith in Divine Revelation, and by the evidences given to us of a Superior Power to our own, in those grand works of creation, with which we were everywhere surrounded.

Tom, though no scholar, was a philosopher in his way, and a sound one too, and he possessed besides what some scholars and some so-called philosophers never attain, a very large amount of shrewd common sense, combined with excellent logic.



The accuracy with which a ship's position at sea could at all times be ascertained, through the observation of the relative positions of the sun, moon, and stars, told him that it could be no mere work of hap-hazard or blind chance which placed them there, and guided their motions with unerring certainty through the regions of endless space ; they all to him proclaimed not merely a Great Creator, but also a sustaining power of love equivalent to the creative, to control, maintain, and guide them. If you asked him, why? Tom could not tell, any more than if the wisest man were asked how the blade of grass grows, or why the flowers bloom in spring and fade in winter, he could not say, for he knows nothing beyond the fact, that the grass grows, and the flowers bloom, and that man has nothing whatever to do with it, for they grow and flourish without his aid.

Nor was Tom shaken in his faith in the truth of religion, or in the beauties of christianity, by the depravity of too many of its professors ; for he felt that the pollution of the streams could not affect the purity of

the fountain from which they flowed. Such was Tom's mode of reasoning within himself, and therefore he was a sincere, and also a happy christian.

When Richard had the time to spare, he visited some of the spots which had become familiar to him when in search of a ship, and amongst the number Billingsgate market and the Sailors' Retreat. He did not however enter his old lodgings, which in the interval had undergone no perceptible change; but he saw, smoking at the bay window, on the Sunday afternoon he was there, the crimp himself, and three or four of his better class of lodgers, to whom he was showing his usual attentions while their money lasted. Mrs. Grondy was at the door squabbling with a group of watermen, but she did not recognise him, nor did he think of making himself known; for he could have no wish to renew her acquaintance, and therefore passed on from the boat from which he and Tom had landed at the stairs contiguous to their house.

The Cleopatra having completed her repairs,

was hauled into the export West India Dock, where a fresh captain and first officer joined her, but the second officer was not engaged till the crew were shipped, and when, with her outward cargo on board, she was ready for sea. The crew were all strangers except Welsh Davie, who in the interval had made a voyage to the Baltic.

Captain Dinning, a frank and very agreeable man, was altogether a fine specimen of a British sailor. The chief mate was likewise an excellent man, who, knowing his own duty, and performing it, expected those under him to know and perform their respective duties, and on all occasions treating them as men, and addressing them by their proper names. As the second mate had not made his appearance when the *Cleopatra* left Gravesend, Richard, to his surprise and delight, was appointed to fill that office, and Tom Horner had, on the recommendation of Mr. Montgomery, been made boatswain. Old Tom therefore took up his quarters in the 'tween decks with the carpenter, and Richard was unexpectedly invited to occupy

where she was obliged to anchor amongst a large fleet of ships, which, like herself, were destined to the westward. She did not lie there very long, but was under weigh with the first of the fleet that resolved to make an attempt to work down Channel. The gale however, which had moderated, freshened again when they got abreast of Dover, and three-fourths of the ships which had put to sea bore up for the roadstead. The Cleopatra, however, and about a dozen other vessels of larger tonnage than herself, kept their reach close-hauled, and, under a heavy pressure of canvass, stood for the French coast, hoping on the next tack to weather Dungeness. Only two of them managed to do so ; and these were a Dutch frigate, and one of those magnificent vessels known as American liners. Perhaps there were then, and for many years afterwards, no more majestic and powerful merchant ships than the vessels of the United

States ; and it was only when our legislature in its wisdom repealed our navigation laws, and left the ship-owners of this country to depend upon themselves and on their own resources, instead of leaning upon the arm of protection, that we shot ahead and outstripped all other nations in the great ocean race. It is further worthy of note, that since the Americans have adopted the policy which we abandoned, their tonnage, at one time equal to our own, is now not one half of what we at present possess.

The Cleopatra was more than three days ere she weathered the long sandy point of Dungeness.

From thence she made fair progress on her voyage till abreast of St. Alban's Head, and here the gale backed round to the south-west and increased so much that Captain Dinning was obliged to bear up for the Needles, and seek shelter in Cowes roadstead.

Rounding that well-known headland, the Cleopatra passed along the Hampshire coast in sight of the chines and beautiful pine-clad hills which cluster around that warm and

in the south of France, where we flock in thousands to escape the rude blasts of our northern climate, forgetting, or not knowing, that within ourselves we have a rendezvous in such weather not surpassed by any watering-place in Europe, and affording in its dwellings much more comfort than can be found in any continental structure.

Nor do the attractions in that part of England lessen on a nearer approach to the land ; and as the Cleopatra passed through the Needles, and drew towards the roadstead of Cowes, Claremont thought that no more charming country could be found in any part of the world. With a mind that was always looking forward, he pictured to himself the time when he should have earned enough to enable him to retire from the sea, and “ crown a youth of labour with an age of ease” upon some such spot as those he saw before him.

Within forty-eight hours from the time the

Cleopatra dropped anchor off the harbour of Cowes, the wind changed to the north-east, with beautiful weather, and, to the regret of every one on board, Captain Dinning put to sea again. But the fair wind and fine weather were of short duration. They were only the sunny spots so often met with between two gales. The old storm was merely taking a rest before it burst forth again with redoubled fury. Captain Dinning, and every experienced sailor on board, saw this while at anchor off Cowes. Though the sun shone pleasantly enough, it shone through a haze, and the long thin fantail clouds, running in streaks along the sky, too clearly foretold a renewal of the gale.

Sailors however, as well as farmers, must make way, if not "hay," while "the sun shines," and must not remain at anchor in a snug harbour while the wind is fair because an adverse gale is brewing. We should have little chance of success, if we did that in the great ocean race now going on between nations.

Although the storm came with unerring

certainty, and with renewed vigour, the two or three days of fair wind had given the Cleopatra an important lift on her passage, and had enabled her to clear the land ; but soon afterwards the wind, which had tacked round to its old quarter, began to blow harder than ever from the south and south-west, and continued with great fury in that quarter for nearly a week.

On the evening of the third day, Captain Dinning, worn out with incessant labour, had lain down on a couch in the cabin, leaving the ship in charge of Claremont, as second officer, till midnight, when he would be relieved.

The Cleopatra, close-hauled and under close-reefed topsails, laboured heavily in the trough of the sea. She was, as I have already described, a flush ship. On either side of the deck, extending almost from the taff-rail to the waist, a row of water-casks had been stowed for the use of the crew on the outward passage. The casks had, as was supposed, been securely lashed to the rail anchions and ring-bolts in the covering-

boards. Claremont, being in charge of the ship, stood sufficiently close to the helm to direct the steersman, with his elbow resting on the capstan-head, and supporting himself against its body.

The gale came in fearful gusts, lulling, as south-westerly gales generally do, for a few minutes, and then bursting forth with increased violence. At times he thought the ship could not bear the pressure of canvass which was upon her ; but Captain Dinning had given orders that, if necessary to shorten sail, he was to be called, and Claremont did not wish to disturb him till midnight, when he would be relieved by the chief officer. Nor did he himself care about shortening sail. Like most young seamen, he felt a pleasure in driving ahead, watching the vessel cleaving through the waves, and then rising and shaking herself from the spray, as some frolicsome water-dog would do, ready for another plunge. In exciting scenes such as these, sailors may often be heard speaking to their ships as if they were living things, and extolling their sea-going qualities ; and

supported by the capstan as the ship lurched to leeward, he gave orders at last to call the captain, the dark clouds gathering afresh to windward too clearly indicating a sudden increase of the gale. But the clouds burst sooner than he had anticipated, and before Captain Dinning reached the deck, the storm came down with appalling force, and heeled over the Cleopatra to so great an extent, that the lower yard-arms almost dipped in the waves to leeward. At that moment a very large wave struck her a little before the weather-beam, throwing an immense body of water upon her deck. It was a critical moment, and prompt action became necessary to avoid the most serious results. In an instant Claremont gave orders to the man at the helm to keep her away, but before they were obeyed much mischief had been done ; the sea that washed on board had carried away with it the entire range of water-casks which

had been lashed to windward. One of them was dashed through the skylight into the cabin, and in its course completely demolished the whole of the framework, crushing the mahogany table underneath into splinters, and entirely destroying one side of the bulk-head. The others were thrown with tremendous force through the lee bulwarks, carrying two of the seamen with them overboard. Poor fellows, they were never afterwards seen, and must have been killed instantaneously. The chime of another cask, as it was thrown by the force of the sea to leeward, caught Claremont on the left leg, tore open the fleshy part of the thigh, and dislodged the knee-cap, while the bilge came with full force on the right thigh, as it rested against the body of the capstan, breaking it a few inches above the knee, and laying him prostrate upon the deck.

For a few minutes he was quite insensible, and in this state Tom Horner and Welsh Davie found him entangled amongst the loose ropes and wreck in the lee waist, which alone had saved him from being washed overboard

also. It was a miracle that his life was spared, and indeed Tom, when he assisted to lift him out from amongst the wreck, thought he had been killed.

Captain Dinning and the chief mate were on deck in an instant. Their first impression, and that of every person on board, led them to feel that the ship was fast foundering ; but Claremont's order had prevented further mischief, and the immediate danger was over before they came on deck.

Claremont had suffered dreadfully. When examined in his cabin, it was found that two ribs had been broken, and his right leg almost doubled up below him, while both thighs were so severely lacerated that his case looked hopeless.

Although relieved from immediate danger, the position of the ship was still so critical that neither the captain nor chief officer could leave the deck ; and although a considerable distance from the land, the gale blowing right upon the Irish coast rendered it imprudent to run before it for any length of time. All the sails were therefore furled

except the storm stay-sail, under which she was hove to. During that night and the two following days, the storm raged with almost unabated fury, and the attention of every person on board was required for the safety of the vessel, and to repair temporarily as best they could the damage that had been done. Claremont was therefore left entirely in charge of the steward, who had no easy duty to perform.

In merchant ships which do not carry passengers there is no medical man, and the crew, under the advice of the captain or steward, who dispense the medicines, but who as a rule are as ignorant of either medical or surgical duties as any of the seamen, must learn as best they can to kill or cure each other when the necessity arises. But Claremont, though for two days without the benefit of even the captain's advice and assistance, found in the black steward an anxious and faithful, if not one of the most skilled of nurses.

CHAPTER IV.

THE negroes in our West India possessions, and throughout the whole of the Southern States of North America, were often christened, when christened at all, with very high-sounding names. Whether to please the fancy of their parents, or the hobby of their masters, or both combined, I am unable to say ; but any person who has travelled in these countries must have been struck with the number of sable Cæsars, Napoleons, Homers, Ciceros, Pompeys, Plutarchs—in fact, every name of note, ancient or modern, except Othello, is to be met with amongst them. The man of colour to whom I am now about more fully to refer bore the name of Horace, and if he did not

possess any of the abilities of the greatest of lyric poets, he had many virtues; for he was one of the best and kindest-hearted of men, besides being, as the captain said, a most excellent cook and steward. The Cleopatra never had a better; and to add to his many good qualities, Horace never got drunk, which cooks and stewards sometimes do.

Horace, neither more nor less—for he was never known by any other name, and I believe never had another,—was as black as jet, and his wool the shortest and darkest that ever curled on any negro's head. His teeth a dentist would have envied, and he loved to display them, for he was always laughing. In all other respects, his exterior was that of the ordinary African negro—to wit, a round head and shoulders, small eyes, flat feet, and the calves of his legs slewed round to protect the most tender part of the body; for if you wish to punish a negro, you must hit him on the shins, and not on the head. But if there was nothing prepossessing about the outer man, except his teeth, Horace, by the kind and delicate way

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Descended from a line of slaves for two or three generations, and reared on one of the great sugar estates in the southern valley of the Mississippi, Horace, by his own industry and good conduct, had earned his freedom, and had been sailing for some years as an under steward in one of the American liners. The *Cleopatra* was the first English ship in which he had served, and Captain Dinning, when engaging his crew through the crimp, took Horace on the recommendation of that functionary, who for once in his life spoke the truth, when he gave him the best of characters.

Though the ship did not carry a doctor, there was a medicine-chest on board, which contained the most necessary descriptions of drugs, with lint and ointments of various kinds, and a book of directions for their application. Horace, who could both read and write, studied this manual attentively,

and managed to dress successfully the flesh-wounds on his patient's thighs, so that in course of time they healed completely, and even their marks, within a year or two, were hardly perceptible ; but the cap of the left knee and the broken ribs were far beyond his reach. Claremont's healthy constitution, and his never-ceasing flow of spirits, however effected their cure. In time, the cap got into its place, and the ribs joined again, without any aid from Horace beyond a strip of cotton bound tightly round the knee, and a bandage round the waist, which were the only applications he could think of, the book of directions not referring to bodily dilapidations of that sort. But altogether he managed very well, and the cure, though it took some months to accomplish, was as complete as it was marvellous, for Claremont never afterwards experienced any ill effects from the very serious injuries he then received.

The broken thigh-bone of the right leg proved however by far the most difficult part to manage, and required more skill than Horace possessed to adjust. He was sorely

into something like its place, though, as it afterwards proved, not where it should have been ; nevertheless, he reset the bone without lacerating the sinews, or opening any of the arteries. A feat so surprising and ingenious in clinical science would no doubt astonish some of the medical profession, and perhaps if Horace had to perform again a similar operation, he would not be quite so successful. He however accomplished it, and in doing so, his great aim throughout was to adjust the large toe in a straight line with the cap of the knee ; but his numerous attempts must have been very ludicrous, though causing at the time the most excruciating pain, for Claremont laughed heartily when he described them to me.

Although the medicine-chest on board of the *Cleopatra* was tolerably complete, it did not contain any of those splints which are always considered essentially necessary to

support fractured limbs ; nor were there any bandages. Horace was therefore compelled to use for splints the spare pieces of wood which had been left from the mouldings and panellings of the new cabin doors, and a shirt torn into ribbons served roughly for straps in the emergency. There were, however, great difficulties in applying them. Whenever Horace had brought the toe in a straight line with the knee, the splints and bandages were immediately applied, but long before the leg could be thus fastened in its place, the lower part of the limb was often, by the sudden lurching and rolling of the vessel, rudely jerked from the position in which he had placed it.

“ Igh !” he would exclaim, “ Massa Claremont lie quite quiet, and me tink me hab him all right, when de great waves roll de ship, and de ship shakes de body one way and de leg t’other, and me neber get them to hold straight, not one minute all de time. Oh dear, warra, warra, poor Massa Claremont !” And the large tears could be seen running down the dark countenance of the

warm-hearted Horace, as he again and again, but for many hours in vain, attempted to fasten the broken limb, so that the great toe might be in a direct line with the knee. His dark eye peering over the toe, with his hands adjusting the splints, and endeavouring thus to fasten the fractured leg in its straight line, while the ship rolled and tossed violently in the storm, would form a subject not unworthy of a painter's study. Nor was his patience less worthy of commendation; for when about to apply the bandages, or before he could fasten them, a sudden lurch of the ship would throw everything out of its place, and oblige him to do all his work over again, so that he had to make many fruitless efforts to fix the disjointed portion of the leg in the precise way he wished before his labours were crowned with success. He however succeeded at last, after hours of anxious labour, in putting on the bandages to his satisfaction; and at length, greatly to his delight, and to Claremont's relief, he completed the operation by blocking up the broken limb between the outer frame of the bed

and the side of the ship, so that it could not move.

Horace's chief anxiety throughout was the accurate adjustment of the great toe in a straight line with the cap of the knee ; otherwise he feared that the fractured portion of the limb might join in such a manner, that the foot would be placed in an abnormal position. He was not aware, nor did Claremont himself know, at the time of the accident, that when a bone is broken the sinews become contracted, and that to force the limb into its proper place, it is necessary to exert considerable effort to pull the sinews into their exact position, and thus assist in placing the broken bone so as to firmly unite in its original or natural state. For the want of this knowledge, the two extremities of the fracture, when brought together, overlapped each other, and thus they became united, so that Claremont's right leg was ever afterwards an inch, or somewhat more, shorter than his left, and the diminished length had to be made up by an artificial heel in his boot. As Horace, however, had managed to unite

affected, nor could any one upon a cursory observation detect any difference between the two legs. Claremont therefore had great reason to feel grateful to his kind-hearted nurse, whom he rewarded at the end of the voyage with the wages he had earned upon it ; and though that was all at the time he could bestow upon the faithful negro, Horace sailed with him ever afterwards, and was not forgotten when his career at sea came to an end.

Claremont's sufferings, especially while the gale continued, were very great—so great indeed, that men of less nerve and spirit would have broken down under them. To add to his misery, the rough splints, through the motion of the ship, had chafed the flesh, and thus increased the irritation. Altogether, it has often been a matter of surprise to him how he escaped mortification in the limb, and that the wound under the circumstances healed, and the bone united.

More than two months were occupied on the passage from Cowes to Demerara, adverse winds and stormy weather prevailing during the greater portion of the voyage. Throughout the whole of that time he was confined to his bed, and to one position in it. The captain and chief mate were very kind. They supplied him with everything he required that their limited stock contained ; and when the work of the day was over, Horace used to sit by his bedside, and spin in his own quaint way numerous yarns about negro life in the valley of the Mississippi, and his own life there and on board of the American liners, so that Claremont, amidst his sufferings, had many sources of comfort and enjoyment. Tom Horner was also often allowed to spend the hours of the dog watch by his bedside, and he too had his yarns to spin.

On the arrival of the *Cleopatra* at Georgetown, Mr. Armstrong sent his own medical man on board to examine the fracture ; for though that gentleman was very much of a “nigger-driver” in his anxiety to make money, he, as well as the senior partner of

pulling down strong, you see, Horace," he said, as he removed the bandages and the splints, and pointed out how the bones had overlapped, from the sinews not having been stretched tight.

"But, as a whole, it is most excellent," he continued; "flesh wounds nearly all healed—left cap quite square—ribs all right, and when the thigh-bone fairly knits, he will be able to kick as hard as ever he did, and walk too, though a little up and down, but it won't spoil his dancing. And it is all your doing, Horace;" adding, in a pleasant, jocular way, "I shall recommend you to the F.R.C.S.—worse doctors than you, Horace, for some of them can't splice so strong as you have done."

Such was the doctor's laconic opinion of the damages which had been done, and the skill that had been displayed in their repair, an opinion, I may state, which proved quite

correct, and made Horace very proud of his work, as well he might be.

In a week after their arrival at Georgetown, Claremont was able to get on deck with assistance, but some months elapsed ere he felt fit for active duties.

Soon after their arrival, he was agreeably surprised by a visit from his earliest friend, Captain Noah. After the loss of the *Eclipse*, he and some of his co-owners had invested the amount received from the underwriters in a small brig they had had built at Seahome for the Newfoundland trade—a trade which the people of Barham continued to carry on long after all other branches of their once flourishing commerce had died away.

The *Favourite*, which Noah then commanded, and whereof he owned a quarter, was moored at no great distance from where the *Cleopatra* lay. Claremont, who had often seen her, and admired her handsome appearance, had however no idea that she was commanded and owned by his earliest friend.

The *Favourite*, it would appear, had brought

a cargo of salt fish, and other Newfoundland produce for sale to Demerara, intending to purchase a cargo of sugar and molasses for a market in England. Noah had sold part of his cargo to Messrs. Montgomery and Armstrong, and having met Captain Dinning at their office, the two masters had thus become acquainted. The weather, and the length of passage being the usual topics of conversation with ship-masters when they meet abroad, Captain Dinning had been relating the fearful storms he had encountered in the Channel, and especially after clearing the land; and in mentioning Claremont's miraculous escape, Noah at once recollected that the *Cleopatra* was the name of the vessel in which he had started from Shields as an apprentice, and was rejoiced to find that he would again have an opportunity of seeing and thanking the youth to whom he was mainly indebted for the preservation of his life.

Matters at Barham and Seahome, by Noah's account, remained in much the same state as when Claremont left it. There were few or no changes, except that trade was



every year getting duller, and the old people still looked back to the "good old times" of fighting and smuggling, and would gladly have got up another "long war" if they had had the power to do so. The gardener at the manor lodge, and the boat-builder, had ceased to take any interest in the cottage his mother had once occupied, and the tenant, a working man, had not the means, even if he had the inclination, to keep it in its former fine order. These, and other similar subjects of interest to Claremont, formed the chief subjects of conversation during Noah's frequent visits to the *Cleopatra*.

Noah felt that he was deeply in the young man's debt, and left nothing undone to show his gratitude. Presents of various kinds were frequently received from the Favourite, and when the *Cleopatra* sailed for London, an extra supply of fruit was sent for his use on the passage home.

On the arrival of the *Cleopatra* in the West India Dock, Mr. Montgomery came on board; and when informed of the accident, made many kind inquiries after Claremont's

health. In the course of conversation, a fear had been expressed that he would never have the proper use of his leg, unless it was broken again and reset. Though contrary to the opinion given by the doctor at Demerara, Mr. Montgomery with much kindness arranged that he should have the very best advice on the subject, and when he left the ship, took him and Horace to see Sir Ashley Cooper.

Sir Ashley and Mr. Montgomery being old friends, an interview was easily obtained, and they were ushered into a room in the hospital, where he occasionally took patients away from the crowd always in attendance during the hours of his daily visits.

“So, you wish to have your leg broken, do you?” said Sir Ashley, looking at Claremont, as if endeavouring to read in his countenance what he really meant; “not had enough of breaks and cuts already? We could soon break it again for you,” he continued; “but as we might not be able to do so in the same place, you had better not let us experiment upon you, or we may make the leg still shorter.”

The great surgeon then, in a few words, explained to Mr. Montgomery, that though the leg might have been easily reset within a week or two after the accident, the bones had knitted over each other in such a manner, that where they had joined would become the strongest portion of the thigh ; and that even then the bone had become so firmly welded, that though the right leg could not be used as freely for a month or two as the left, the part where it had been broken was stronger than at any other. With these remarks, he turned good naturedly to Claremont, and told him not to fret, for the halt would not mar his prospects in life. Then addressing Horace, Sir Ashley paid him so high a compliment, that the blush could almost be seen on the honest fellow's sable countenance ; finally, he remarked to the house-surgeon, who was with him—"I wonder if any of our young friends here," looking to a few students who were in attendance, "would have managed to do as well as Horace in such a gale, and with the same materials at their disposal."

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Montgomery, however, with a kindness he never forgot, slipped a five pound note into his pocket, and told him that in a month he should send him to join, as second mate, a new ship Messrs. Scott and Co. of Greenock were building for him.

Claremont therefore took lodgings in the Minories, and while giving his leg the requisite rest, attended a celebrated school for navigation then in that locality, and endeavoured by close study to make himself master of lunars, and the higher branches of that interesting science.

Mr. Armstrong kept his word ; he also gave Tom Horner, at Claremont's request, the berth of boatswain in the new ship, and made Horace the steward, both of whom had remained on shore in the hope of getting these appointments.

The cheapest, and perhaps the most expeditious method of reaching the Clyde in those

days from London, was by the way of Leith; consequently, their passage was provided in a steamer from St. Katharine's Wharf to Granton, and thence by the canal-boat to Bowling, which was only a few miles from Greenock.

The ship had been launched some days before their arrival, and then lay moored in the dock to the eastward of the Custom House, where she was masted, rigged, and fitted for sea with great rapidity.

CHAPTER V.

THIRTY years ago, the extreme length of the vessels in our merchant service seldom exceeded four times their width, or "breadth of beam." For instance, a vessel of twenty-eight feet beam was rarely more than 112 feet in length, including the rake of the stem. The *Arethusa* however, which Messrs. Scott and Co. had built for Messrs. Montgomery and Armstrong, being in length no less than five times her beam, was consequently considered so great an innovation upon the established dimensions, that every old sailor denounced her as a dangerous craft. They all said, that a ship 140 feet in length, with only twenty-eight feet beam, would "break her back" as she "mounted over the



great waves of the Atlantic;" but their prophecies happily were never fulfilled. Since then, wooden ships have frequently been built of a length more than six times their width; and now the usual length for merchant steamers, most of which are however built of iron, is eight times, so that one of those vessels of twenty-eight feet in width, is now from 220 to 230 feet in length. A few ship-owners have gone to the extreme of having their steamers ten and even eleven times longer than they are broad, but I fear some of those very long craft do break their backs at times, when heavily laden.

The *Arethusa* in her day was a handsome craft, and Claremont felt proud in having been appointed second mate to her. Horace was delighted beyond measure with her, for she had a full poop with twelve state-rooms, which were to be under his charge as steward; and as she was ship-rigged with very square yards, and well-fitted shrouds and stays, Tom Horner, although he had his misgivings in regard to the advisability of the increased length, admitted that, as a whole, she was a vessel after his own heart.

Captain Kewney, a native of Derbyshire, had been appointed to the command. Handsome in figure, and prepossessing in his manners, he was an exceedingly agreeable person, although very vain, and much more of the gentleman than the sailor. Commencing life in the royal navy, and unable to get beyond the rank of master's mate, he had retired from that service, and had turned his attention to agricultural pursuits, and the management of a small landed property in the West Riding of Yorkshire. Although an excellent man of business, and familiar with accounts, he does not appear to have been successful in farming operations, and soon afterwards, through the influence of his friends, he became chief officer on board of one of the early Atlantic steamers, and thence obtained the command of the *Arethusa*.

His deficiency in navigation and seamanship, always too apparent, was not however of the consequence it would have been, had the chief mate not been very proficient in both these important qualifications. Mr. Milvain was in fact the master of the ship,

while Captain Kewney, ostensibly maintaining his position, devoted the greater portion of his time to the passengers, of whom there were a considerable number on board.

Amongst them there was a gentleman of the name of Malcolm, from Glasgow, who, about to pay a short visit to the West Indies for the first time in his life, made himself and everybody in the cabin miserable by his fear of the yellow fever, and by a forewarning which he said he had had in regard to it.

The weather was very fine when the *Arethusa* left Greenock, and continued so nearly the whole of the passage. The scenery on the Clyde, though more diversified, and on a larger scale, reminded Claremont of Barham bay and its immediate neighbourhood; and as the numerous hills and inlets of the sea opened out to his view, he felt that even the beauties of his native place were not equal to the green-clad shores, studded with handsome villas, and the charming and diversified scenery of the Clyde within the Cumbræ heads.

"I shall never see those beautiful scenes again," said Mr. Malcolm, addressing Claremont, in one of his most desponding moments—" *never!* "

"Then why leave home?" inquired Captain Kewney, who had known him for some years. "Why rush into the arms of the yellow fever, which you dread so much?"

"I must," replied Mr. Malcolm; "I have business at Georgetown, which nobody but myself can carry through."

Although Claremont comforted him by the remark, that he had never seen a case of yellow fever all the times he had been to Demerara, Mr. Malcolm's forebodings were too sadly realized; for when the *Arethusa* arrived at Demerara, the fever was raging with great virulence and with more destructive effect than had ever been known in that colony.

Mr. Malcolm had worked himself into a fearful state of excitement. Under an impression that constitutionally he was more open to infection than other men, his friends could not prevail upon him to leave the ship, until he

ascertained that the disease was worse amongst the vessels in harbour than anywhere else.

About a week afterwards, Claremont met him on shore. Apparently a changed man, he remarked, how agreeably he had been disappointed with the place and the climate, and that he had never felt in better health. He seemed also to be in excellent spirits, for he laughingly added, as they parted—"Yellow Jack won't catch me after all."

Poor man, on the following afternoon he was dead and buried !

He had been, when Claremont met him, on his way to dine with a friend in the neighbourhood of Georgetown.

While at dinner, the first symptoms of that terrible disease—a violent pain across the temple—had seized him. By midnight the black vomit supervened ; by two in the morning he was a corpse ; and in twelve hours from the time of his death he was buried.

There is no disease so appalling as the yellow fever ; and on that occasion its ravages, during the three or four weeks it continued, were greater amongst the shipping

and in the town of Georgetown, than ever they had been known in any other part of the West Indies.

For a time work of every kind was suspended, and the whole of the white population who could leave the town took refuge in the country. The crew of the *Arethusa* had, however, no such means of escape from the terrible visitation. One by one they were seized with the fever, and fell victims. The mortality was as great, or nearly so, on board many of the other ships which lay at anchor in the stream. For a fortnight or three weeks, every object around wore the aspect of desolation, even though the air was clear, the sky transparent, and the weather extremely beautiful; but in the thin haze hovering over the town and the river, and extending to the flat and marshy plains which for miles skirted either bank, there lurked a deadly miasma which portended pestilence. It told of fever and of death. Every person felt the oppressive consciousness that that thin drapery, enveloping the low land and the river, was the veil hiding the fatal scourge.

We can scarcely familiarize ourselves to the dread reality of death when the verdure is bright and fresh upon the earth, when the air is balmy, the sky clear, blue, and cloudless, and when the shrubs and flowers are bright, and green, and flourishing. The bloom of spring and the gloom of death are indeed a great and inconceivable contrast ; so great, that we are unable to realize their presence at one and the same moment. Death, at such a time, must indeed be terrible to those who are unprepared for it. The earth, decorated in its gayest attire, attaches us to it with increased strength ; and when in the full enjoyment of its many beauties we find ourselves suddenly seized by that fell disease, which we know, in two cases out of three, is fatal when fairly implanted, the shock must be truly appalling.

So great were the ravages of the yellow fever on that occasion, that Claremont was the only one on board of the *Arethusa* who entirely escaped the disease, or some symptom of it. Whether this arose from his temperate habits (then, and for many

cannot determine. Such, however, was his good fortune. He had not the slightest premonitory symptoms, although much exposed, for he was constantly with Tom Horner, who had a serious attack, from which he happily recovered. Horace too was laid up, but only for a short time. The sufferings on board the *Arethusa* were dreadful ; and from a crew of twenty-seven, no less than thirteen were carried off. Captain Kewney was also attacked, and so violent were the symptoms in his case, that no one had the slightest hopes of his recovery. He however had no dread of a fatal result, and his chief thought, in the unexpected event of death, appeared to be, that he might be buried with some sort of naval honours, as if the crew had not at such a time something else to do than carry him to his grave with frivolous pomp and ceremony ; indeed, the deaths were so numerous, and the dread of infection so pre-

valent, that it was very difficult to obtain the assistance of even the lowest of the black population to bury the dead. Claremont attended the funeral of the carpenter of the *Arethusa*, and a more melancholy spectacle he never beheld. The body, placed in a rough shell, was carried in a cart, dragged by a mule, to the churchyard, a low swampy ground, and there deposited in a grave not above two feet deep, almost full of water, and swarming with land crabs. Captain Kewney's desires for funeral honours were not gratified at that time, or he might have fared little better than the carpenter ; and as his frame was excellent, and his flow of spirits never ceased, he soon recovered both his health and strength.

The visitation, though fearfully severe while it lasted, was happily of short duration, and within four weeks of the time of the *Arethusa's* arrival the virulence of the disease had abated. As soon as it showed symptoms of decline, business resumed its usual course as if nothing very particular had happened. Arrivals from Europe, and from the West

India Islands, enabled Captain Kewney to replenish in a great measure that portion of the crew which had been carried off by the fever ; and Claremont, with two of the men, were despatched in the long-boat for a supply of fresh water, of which their stock during the prevalence of the fever had become nearly exhausted.

Georgetown was then, as I presume it is still, chiefly provided by the water collected in tanks during the rainy season ; and the supply was so scanty, that the ships had generally to replenish their stock from the streams which ran into the river, at places sufficiently far away from the sea to be beyond the reach of the tides.

The small rivulet or creek where Claremont had instructions to draw his supply, was about twenty miles above Georgetown. Here he would have to remain over night, as he had received orders to call on the following morning at the estate of Mount Pleasant, a little way below, where he would find some cases for Mr. Armstrong, which he was to bring with him on his return to Georgetown.

He reached the watering-place a little before sunset. It was not above twenty feet in width, and its banks were overgrown with thick brushwood, and tropical trees and plants of various kinds. Although a pretty spot enough, its muddy banks might have reminded Claremont and his crew that the alligators infesting the river usually frequented such places at breeding and bed time. It did not, however; and after obtaining the necessary supply of fresh water, they moored the long-boat for the night where she lay. As the creek was shallow, as well as narrow, it became necessary to keep the boat in mid-stream, and for that purpose they lashed the handles of the oars to the gunwales with their blades projecting and resting against the banks on either side, so as to prevent her from swinging or grounding in the mud. Having, as they conceived, made everything quite snug for the night, they spread out the boat's sail as an awning, under which they formed their make-shift beds between the bilges of the water-casks.

The night was exceedingly beautiful.

There was not a breath of wind, and the moon, then in her second quarter, gave just sufficient light through the trees and thick foliage which hung over the long-boat to show any objects in motion, but nothing more. It was somewhere about ten o'clock. The men had gone to rest an hour before, and were sound asleep. Claremont sat in the stern sheets, and was about to follow their example, when he saw an animal slowly emerging from the water, and with its claws grasping one of the oars, as if in the act of crawling hand over hand and belly upwards, over the gunwale into the boat. In an instant the alligator—for such it was—would have been on board. There was no time to be lost. Claremont sprung forward, and with a handspike struck the brute with all his strength on the chest, as it was about to grasp the gunwale, and haul itself on board. Happily, the blow sent it floundering back into the water. What mischief it would or could have done when once on board, he could not pretend to say, for not having studied the habits of alligators, he did not know if it was

their practice to make similar excursions in search of food. He however did know, that when they were hungry they would not hesitate to make short work of a sailor if they caught him in the water, and as the brute would have been a very awkward customer to deal with had it once obtained possession of the long-boat, he had no hesitation about the course to adopt, when he saw the animal making its way on board. Nor were he and the two sailors long in making their way out of the creek, and mooring the boat in the river sufficiently far away from the banks, to prevent the possibility of any similar attempt at boarding.

Early on the following morning they started for Mount Pleasant estate, but as the cases for Mr. Armstrong were not ready when they reached the jetty, they had to wait a couple of hours for them.

Mount Pleasant, one of the finest estates in the colony, was at that time owned by an English gentleman of the name of Stanley, who, with his family, resided in a handsome house, which stood on rising ground, not

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more than three or four hundred yards from the river. Mr. Stanley had for some years been a widower, and his household affairs were managed by a charming old lady, a distant relative of his own. His family consisted of one son, Robert, then a young man of about twenty-one years of age, and three daughters, Christina, Maria, and Catherine, the latter at that time somewhere about fourteen years of age, and the others perhaps from two to four years older.

As the morning was cool and inviting, the young ladies had been out for their accustomed walk before breakfast, and seeing the negroes carrying the boxes, which contained household ornaments, to the long-boat, they came on to the wharf with the intention of remaining there till the packages were shipped. Unfortunately, the foot of the youngest caught a rope stretched across the outer edge of the jetty, and in an instant Catherine Stanley was thus tripped into the river between the boat and the wharf, but happily not touching anything in her fall. Her sisters were so terrified that they could

do nothing but wring their hands and scream, while the negroes were quite as bewildered and as useless. The stream was running strong down at the time, and had Claremont not instantly plunged into the river and held up her head until a small boat, which lay on the bank, came to their assistance, she would unquestionably have been drowned; but the poor girl was much exhausted when they got her on shore.

Mr. Stanley and his son were warm in their expressions of gratitude for the invaluable service which Claremont had rendered. They invited him to the house, supplied him with a dry suit of clothes, and the good old lady placed before him at breakfast every dainty in Mount Pleasant.

Nor were the expressions of the family gratitude confined to Mr. Stanley and Miss Gray, as nothing could exceed the kindness of the two elder daughters, under which Claremont, unaccustomed to female society, felt considerably embarrassed. Nor was it surprising that he should have been so in the presence of Christina, the eldest daughter.

Tall, with dark hair, a very intellectual countenance, and clear piercing eyes, Miss Stanley was in all respects a most prepossessing person, before whom a young sailor might well feel nervous. Her sister Maria, in some respects equally good looking, was much more retiring than her elder sister, who was really a most agreeable and elegant young lady. Catherine, from the little he saw of her, bade fair, he thought, to be as tall, and even more graceful than either.

Altogether, they were a family whose society could not fail to be sought after and enjoyed, and Claremont left Mount Pleasant to resume his duties on board of the *Arethusa* with considerable reluctance. Besides the beauty of the place, and the creature comforts which the warm-hearted old lady had placed before him in such abundance, Mr. Stanley and his son were unceasing in their expressions of gratitude, and over and over again inquired what they could do for him, in return for what he had done for them. But Claremont felt himself amply rewarded by their evidently

sincere expressions of thankfulness, and hoped that some day he might reach a position in life which would warrant him in seeking access to their society. To be admitted to their friendship would, he felt, be in itself a sufficient reward. In the meantime he had his bread to earn, and a thousand difficulties and obstacles to overcome, before he could reach a position in life to rank with the family who owned and occupied that charming and lucrative estate. To think of courting their society till then, merely because he had been the instrument—which any negro might have been—of saving the life of the youngest member of the family, was out of the question. He felt, that though Mr. Stanley had offered him the hospitality of his home at all times when he came to Demerara, it was an offer which, in his position, he would not be entitled to accept, and therefore he bade the family good bye, with the understanding on his part, that the kindness they had that morning shown to him was in itself a sufficient return for what he had done. They parted; and in the boat he found two large baskets of fruit,

As there were no inducements, from the depressed state of the English markets, to load a cargo of West India produce for London, the *Arethusa* was despatched on an intermediate voyage to Boston, United States.

Captain Kewney, though not much of a sailor, was a keen and shrewd man of business; and Mr. Armstrong furnished him with full power to dispose of, on the best terms in his power, the sugar and molasses he had shipped, and to purchase with the proceeds a cargo of flour and salt provisions, which were at the time in demand at Demerara, whither he was to return with all convenient speed.

CHAPTER VI.

TWELVE months had effected a great change for the better in Claremont's position. He had in the course of that time risen from the sea-boy and drudge of McCallum and his boatswain, to be the second mate of the *Cleopatra*, under a captain who felt an interest in him, and who treated him with kindness and respect. In the *Arethusa* he had reached another step, if not an advance in rank, at least in his social position. Captain Kewney, in every sense of the word a gentleman, always acted as such towards his officers, inviting them on suitable occasions, not merely to dine at his table as a matter of necessity or duty, but to join in the conversation with him and the passengers ;

and while maintaining his position as commander of the ship, treating them as his equals.

On the Boston voyage, Claremont was called upon to take a post he had little anticipated.

"Mr. Armstrong," said Captain Kewney, in his usual abrupt manner, on the morning after their arrival in Boston bay, "has intrusted me with the disposal of the produce now on board, and the purchase of a return cargo to Demerara, and you are to assist with the pen ; so while here, Mr. Milvain will attend to the duties of the ship, and you to the cargo and accounts."

It was a pleasant enough change to Claremont, more especially as his duties were confined almost exclusively to keeping an account of the cargo and its disposal, all intricate matters being left to the clerks of the consignees of the ship. It gave him also an opportunity of seeing much more of Boston, which is an interesting city, than he would otherwise have done.

At that time its limits extended very little beyond the peninsula where the old town now stands, with Faneuil Hall in its midst.

Since then, however, the city has spread out, so as to embrace the once isolated suburbs of Roxburgh, East Boston, Charleston, Cambridge, and Dorchester, and has become a great and pleasant place, although not equal in size, or to be compared in the rapidity of its growth, to New York and Philadelphia, and especially to the cities of the West.

But nothing can be finer than the approach to Boston by sea, and the scenery, diversified and charming in itself, teems with life and objects of historical interest.

"A mighty people these Yankees," remarked Tom Horner to him one evening, as they were returning in a boat to their ship from a visit to the hospital at Cambridge, where one of the crew was laid up. "Their clippers go ahead of some of our ships, as if they were at anchor. I know one of them, that when close-hauled, and with the weather-*clues* of her *topsails* shivering in the wind, can make her fourteen knots an hour--aye, fourteen knots on a bowline. There's nothing in our navy can look at that," continued

Tom; "and if ever we have the ill luck to fall out with them, and meet their ships at sea, we shall find them a mighty deal tougher job to handle than we did in the last American War."

Having disposed of the outward cargo, Captain Kewney found it necessary to visit the West to purchase what he required, as the prices in Boston for flour and pork were beyond his limits. Claremont was invited to accompany him. The journey, though much more difficult in those days than it is now, amply repaid the delay and expense. At Cincinatti and Cleveland, they were enabled to complete their purchases at prices which, including the cost of transit to the ship, were fully fifteen per cent. lower than the Boston merchants had demanded. Interesting and novel, it also afforded Claremont an unexpected opportunity of seeing the far-famed falls of Niagara.

Proceeding first to Cincinatti, they returned to Boston by the way of Cleveland and the lakes, and thus were enabled without much delay or expense to visit Niagara;

but the time occupied in so slight a detour could be spared without any loss or inconvenience, as the cargo would not reach the Arethusa until some days after their return.

A great deal has been written about these celebrated falls ; but the guide-books which came under Claremont's notice, descriptive of them and the scenery around, fell in his opinion very far short of the reality.

One Yankee, it is said—and it is characteristic of his countrymen,—was so struck with their power, that he occupied the time of his visit chiefly in a series of calculations to ascertain the number of mills the falling river would drive, if not allowed to run to waste in the way it did. But the New York merchant, who became so lost in admiration when he first beheld the great cataract, that he could only exclaim—“ *Mighty river, go ahead!*” gives the best description of Claremont's own feelings, when he gazed in silent wonder upon that mighty waste of roaring, tumbling waters.

Many tourists, we are told, have been disappointed with the first sight of Niagara,

and have not been able to realize for some days after their arrival its extent and grandeur. Such was not the case with him.

An enthusiastic admirer of nature, his young mind at once appreciated and revelled in the sublime and stupendous character of the falls. They were beyond his expectations. Nothing he had heard or read gave him the idea of what the reality presented. Descriptions, however vivid and glowing, fell far short of what he saw before him.

Struck not merely with surprise, but lost in wonder and in awe, the instant he could comprehend their extent, they made an impression on his mind which can never be effaced. The scene was altogether novel, and so grand and striking, that he was insensibly rivetted to the spot where first he saw the falls, so that for some time he could not draw himself away from it.

The river Niagara, as is well known, has its source in Lake Erie, whence passing over the vast precipice which forms the falls, it runs into Lake Ontario, dividing in its course our possessions in Upper Canada from the state



of New York. The stupendous cliff over which the river pours is about twenty-one miles below Erie, and fourteen miles above Ontario. I may add that as Lake Erie, of which Niagara is the outlet, covers an area of 150,000 square miles, and as it is estimated that in ordinary weather 90,000,000 tons of water flow from it every hour into that river, the effect of the fall of so tremendous a volume of water, over a perpendicular precipice 200 feet in height, may to some extent be imagined, though it can never be fully realized, not even by those who have seen it. It is too great and too grand for the mind to grasp. But beyond what strikes the eye, there are objects which cannot be seen, and can only be faintly conjectured. The eye can embrace the volume of water as it glides smoothly over the edge of the precipice, and plunges into the chasms below; but who can tell the depths of these chasms? We are told that a single drop of water will, by its constant wear, pierce the hardest granite; what then must be the depth of excavations made by 90,000,000 tons falling

every hour from a height of 200 feet, through countless ages !

The rapids commence at about a mile and-a-half above the cataract, and in some respects are as interesting, if not as grand and striking.

From the guide-books, Claremont had pictured to himself a vast fall of water, and nothing more—no doubt a sight in itself sufficient to attract tourists from all parts of the world ; but from them he had not been able to form anything approaching a correct idea of the beauty of the scenery with which the falls were surrounded, nor to learn that there were other objects, distinct in themselves, although connected with the river and its banks, of great and peculiar interest, and in some cases of surpassing loveliness.

These books mention the scene above the falls as if hardly worthy of the tourist's notice, whereas from the Canadian side of Goat Island the view of the wide-spread rapids, angry and agitated as they are driven towards the precipice, is a sight not soon to be forgotten. The river Niagara, about a mile



in width, is here divided in its course towards the cataract by the island I have just named. Connected by a small bridge with the village on the United States' side of the river, Goat Island forms the favourite resort of tourists, and with its walks, and rich and luxuriant foliage, is in itself not without attractions. The bridge spans a portion of the river where it is of great depth, and where it runs with fearful velocity towards the American side of the falls, and in crossing it an excellent view can be obtained of the "cave of the winds," and other objects of interest. But though these in themselves are well worthy of attention, they are insignificant when compared with the horse-shoe, or Canadian falls.

Before however crossing the river to the Canadian shores, where the best view of them can be obtained, the tourist would do well to linger for a while about Goat Island, and stroll through its various pretty and romantic walks, and then ascend the little tower or view-house which has been erected upon it. All this can be done without the assistance of any guide, and amidst such scenes you are

better without one : his presence would only destroy the charms of the scenery around. For my own part, I have always found—and I dare say many of my readers have done so also—that the mind loves to survey in silence any object of great beauty, and that a companion, with a tongue that never ceases talking, is on such an occasion an intolerable nuisance.

If the tourist is really an admirer of nature, he should visit the tower on Goat Island alone, and early in the morning, before the guides and their “parties” are out of bed. The scene will be found too grand and solemn for comment, and especially for the talk of those fellows who sell dollar and half-dollar books. The visitor to Niagara can best appreciate its many beauties, and estimate its stupendous grandeur, by himself. There is no language sufficiently comprehensive to describe Niagara and the scenery around it ; and as no tongue nor pen can possibly do justice to the impressions made upon the mind of an admirer of nature by the first sight of the rapids above the falls, of the falls themselves, and the “whirlpool,” with

its surroundings, three miles below them, he had far better dispense with the services of both guide and guide-book when he visits these places.

Although the sun had not risen when Claremont took his seat on the parapet wall of the little view-tower, the morning was clear and beautiful. Looking up the river, there were before him the rapids, somewhere about a mile in width. Here the bed of the Niagara is studded with small rocks, as if placed there to offer resistance to it as it rushes towards the falls. Along its banks, and around the island, close to the water's edge, grow trees, and brushwood, and wild flowers of much beauty and richness in their foliage, and of almost endless variety. Among these, the first rays of the sun as it rose found their way, and sparkled in the leaping waters ; and although the river as it approaches the falls is smooth and deep, moving onwards in great volumes and with immense rapidity, it is in its course through the rapids so much disturbed by the numerous small rocks which project above the surface, that the rushing

waters are broken in many parts into countless waves and ripples.

If there had been life in the great stream, it would have called loudly for aid ; like some drowning man, within its own power, it seized every rock, and clung to the shores of the small island, and grasped at the projecting points of land, and twisted round every outstretched branch of the trees which line its banks, as if terrified by its approach to the stupendous precipice, over which it was so soon to be hurled. The vain struggle was however soon over, and then every part became calm and unruffled as it drew nigh the brink of the cliff. Serene and quiet, as if resigned to its fate, the vast river poured over the precipice in one smooth and silvery volume, so bright and so clear, that though estimated to measure twenty feet in depth when it approaches the cataract, the edge of the cliff over which it falls can be distinctly seen unless there is a heavy flood.

Altogether, the view from the tower on Goat Island presents a scene of indescribable grandeur ; nor are the various

small green-clad islets around it the least interesting portion of this remarkable and beautiful landscape.

But it is from the Canadian shore that the best view of the falls themselves can be obtained. About a hundred yards below the horse-shoe, a spiral staircase leads the visitor from the cliff known as the table-rock to the edge of the river ; and at the foot of the staircase a pathway is formed, which takes him under the falls. It is not a pleasant place ; a cold, damp, clammy air pervades the whole recess. You are however quite safe, so long as the beaten path is not left, for although under the falls, the water forms in its course over the precipice a complete concave, where you walk in perfect safety. At this spot, the force and power of the vast waterfall is seen to the greatest advantage, as it plunges into the stupendous basins it has hollowed out for itself in its course over the precipice. That afternoon, the sun shone with much brilliancy, and as its rays struck through the falling water, presented a scene of great and peculiar



beauty. It could hardly be otherwise ; for the effect of the rays of the sun upon the vast volume of water, as it plunged into the deep chasms and broke upon the huge rocks, casting its spray high into the air, was to convert it into myriads of fountains, each presenting all the colours of the rainbow, and producing a picture alike novel and beautiful. These objects, combined with the terrific roar of the river, as it plunged into the caverns which through untold centuries it had been excavating, made an impression upon the mind which time and change can never obliterate. So loud is the roar of Niagara in its fall, that it is stated to have "been heard at Toronto, a distance of forty-four miles." But the roar does not resemble any known sounds. The loudest peal of thunder neither resembles nor measures it, not even when it mingles with the screech of the hurricane.

The scenery three miles below the falls, and in the vicinity of the whirlpool, of which so little notice has been taken, is truly grand. The accumulation of waters thus named is

occasioned by the sudden turn which the river takes at a place where it abruptly contracts to not more than a quarter of its former width, and where it runs with great velocity. Though Claremont could not discover the "water rising," as one writer describes, "to the height of ten feet," the contraction of the river, with the resistance which the rocks offered to its rapid progress at the point where it wheels round at almost a right angle to its former course, presented an object even more interesting and striking than any whirlpool would have done. Here the banks rise on either side of the river 100 to 200 feet above it, and are studded throughout, except where the rocks project into its bed, with trees and wild flowers of the most variegated hues and uncommon beauty. In England no such scenery can be found, and those persons who have not visited the United States of America at the period of the year to which I now refer, cannot form any idea of the exquisite loveliness of its autumnal foliage.

At this spot, and on one of the projecting

rocks which stretched far out into the river, and commanded a fine view of everything around, Claremont rested for an hour after his walk from the falls. Like most sailors, he had formed a habit of talking with the winds and the waves, as they often talk with their ships ; for the whistling winds and the roaring waves have a language of their own, which the solitary man frequently finds a pleasure in endeavouring to interpret. Thus it was, that he spoke to the rushing and agitated river. But the waters of the Niagara would not speak to him ; they swept past the rock on which he sat in sullen silence, as if offended by the rough usage they had encountered in the rapids, and in their passage over the falls. At the spot where they passed him, there was not even a ripple on the surface. The wave speaks when it curls, and the wind when it whistles ; but not a sound of any kind escaped from the mighty river, as it hurried onwards to the vast basin which it had scooped out for itself at that portion of the bank where the abrupt turn is made in its course. Here the waters



lingered, but only a moment ; for immediately the point was turned, they rushed in great fury over vast rocks and through narrow defiles, and plunged into deep and rugged chasms which bear the appropriate name of the "devil's hole ;" and then they were lost in the distance, in their course to Ontario.

Two nights, and a day of great interest, were spent at Niagara, and during that time Claremont was left pretty much to himself ; Captain Kewney had met with one or two old friends at the hotel, and had joined them in their visits to the falls, and in various short excursions around them. From Niagara, he and the captain proceeded to Buffalo, the first of the now surprising cities of the West, and then a place of much greater importance than many of the other cities, such as Chicago, which have since shot ahead of it. Remaining there for a night, they started for Boston, and having completed their cargo, sailed with the *Arethusa* for Demerara.

The voyage proved a successful one.

Provisions were in considerable demand at Georgetown, and Mr. Armstrong gave great credit to Captain Kewney for the manner in which he had managed the business.

Claremont was sorry to hear on his return to Georgetown of the death of Mr. Stanley, who had been seized with yellow fever soon after they had sailed, of which he died after only a few hours' illness. Mr. Robert had on his father's death resolved to sell Mount Pleasant, and with his sisters settle in England. A young man of much shrewdness and discrimination, he saw that the emancipation of the slaves must lead to a great change in the value of West India property, and he therefore made up his mind to dispose of the estate while he could do so with advantage.

Though Mr. Robert Stanley would not be able to leave the colony for some months, on account of various matters requiring his attention in the winding-up of the estate, Claremont was something more than pleased to learn that a passage had been taken in the *Arcthusa* for the three young ladies to Liverpool, who were to be accompanied

by Miss Gray, under whose care they had been brought up since the death of their mother. They were the only passengers ; and as the weather continued very fine nearly all the way home, the passage, considering the advanced season of the year when they reached the coast of England, proved alike favourable and agreeable ; and during the time Claremont had various opportunities of appreciating the many good qualities of Catherine Stanley.

On their arrival at Liverpool they were met by various friends, with one of whom arrangements had been made for them to take up their quarters till their brother had finished his business in Demerara, and was enabled to join them in England.

Horace said that he had never sailed with passengers who gave so little trouble as Miss Gray and the Stanleys, who rewarded him so liberally as they had done. Now and then he would hint to Claremont, that he thought Miss Catherine "de handsomest girl he eber saw," and that if he had been Claremont he would have fallen in love with her,

though "de other two ladies were bery lovely ;" slyly adding, that he thought Miss Catherine had "a little fancy for massa second mate."

CHAPTER VII.

WITHIN very little more than a year from the time when I paid my last visit to Seahome, I was appointed to the command of the ship in which I had been chief officer. My own life at sea had not been a very eventful one. The ships in which I sailed belonged to one firm, and, with one or two exceptions, had been constantly employed in the trade between Liverpool and Calcutta. They were fine, comfortable merchant vessels, confined exclusively to the conveyance of cargo, so that the cabin accommodation was limited to what I required for myself and officers ; and beyond the ordinary events and incidents of a seafaring life, there was nothing up to that period in my own career which might not

be met with in the career of others, who had spent a similar number of years at sea.

I had not forgotten Richard Claremont, for his sister Helen and her untimely death were often the subject of my thoughts; but I had lost sight of him since the time when I heard of the wreck of the *Eclipse*, and the extraordinary manner in which Noah's life had been saved, mainly through his daring and intrepidity. Afterwards I heard of his having been bound apprentice to the *Cleopatra*, and that that vessel was engaged in the West India trade; but for some years I had not been able to ascertain anything more about him.

One morning, however, a young man of between eighteen and nineteen years of age walked on board of the ship I then commanded, as she lay in the Salthouse Dock at Liverpool, and smiling, held out his hand to me. He was of middle height and size, broad shouldered, and with a good open countenance, very much browned by the sun. I thought I had seen the face before, but could not at first recollect where I had done



so. The moment however he mentioned his name, I saw in him a strong family likeness to Helen Claremont, and then at once recollected the boy who had hung so fondly about his sister's neck.

A hurried outline of the leading events of the life I have now related, gave me all the information I required to induce me to invite him to become chief mate with me. He readily consented, on condition that the captain and owners of the *Arethusa* were quite agreeable ; for, as he explained, they had been very kind to him, and had relieved him from his indentures as their apprentice before the expiration of the term of engagement. There were no difficulties raised on their part ; on the contrary, they were pleased to learn of his rapid promotion, and both Captain Kewney and Mr. Milvain cheerfully certified that though very young, he was in every way competent to perform the duties of chief officer ; nor did I find any difficulty in meeting his request that Tom Horner should be engaged as boatswain, and Horace as steward.

Claremont proved all that had been said of him. Somewhat impetuous at times, and rather severe and overbearing with the men, I had occasionally to remind him that he should not work them so hard as he did. He owned that such was one of his failings, and that he had learned it from McCallum and his boatswain, who had evidently, by their conduct towards him, blunted his naturally sensitive feelings ; but being good hearted and forgiving, and his flights of passion seldom lasting any length of time, he was a favourite with the sailors, even though he always kept them very close to their duty. I was, however, not surprised that Claremont should have lost his temper with my sailors ; for on that voyage I had the most discontented crew that had ever sailed with me, and to make matters worse, our passage to Calcutta was an unusually long one.

For nearly a month we were becalmed in the Bay of Bengal, and during the whole of that time did not make 100 miles towards our destination. Our stock of fresh provisions had long previously been expended,



and our limited supply of pigs long since killed and consumed ; indeed, in the cabin, we had become as badly off for fresh meat as the seamen. The few chickens supplied for our use, or such of them as then remained, had been swept overboard in their coop during a gale of wind off the Cape of Good Hope. Every person on board had for a considerable time been reduced to the usual allowance of salt provisions, and many of the crew were laid up with scurvy, some of them so bad that they were quite unfit for duty, and two of them I feared would not recover.

During this trying and painful emergency, and with no prospect of any change in the calm weather, which had then prevailed for a fortnight, we very unexpectedly drifted amongst a shoal of turtle ; it seemed a perfect godsend. At the time there was not even a breath of wind. The sails hung from the yards, and were flapping against the masts with the roll of the ship, while the surface of the long, undulating ocean swell was as smooth as glass. There was therefore neither difficulty nor danger in lowering

every serviceable boat, and every man on board fit to move about set to work to catch turtle. We were fortunate beyond our expectations, and caught enough of them to satisfy, in quantity if not in quality, the annual demands of the London civic authorities.

For many days we all fed upon turtle. Turtle-soup was served out in basins, and often in buckets ; and we had for breakfast and dinner turtle-stew, turtle-fry, and turtle in every conceivable shape in which it could be cooked. Those of the crew who had been struck down with scurvy, rapidly recovered under this new and reinvigorating diet ; but Jack soon became tired of the turtle in any shape whatever. The sea lawyer (for there is a legal adviser, in his way, in every fore-castle) began to reason with the men about the turtle "costing nothing ;" whereas, he said, the salt beef and the pork, which by the articles of agreement the owners were bound to supply, would cost fourpence a pound, and that was the "cause of the skipper feeding them on turtle."

By that time my ship had drifted con-



siderably to the north-west of the Andaman Islands (off which the turtle had been caught nine or ten days before), and was making towards the pilotage cruising-grounds by the sand-heads, but with a breeze so light that it hardly filled the upper sails. The sailors were having their dinner upon deck on the starboard side of the long-boat, and under cover of a small awning. In their midst stood a large mess-kid filled with rich turtle-soup. I was at the time leaning over the rail on the port side of the ship, smoking a cigar after having had my lunch, which consisted of the same soup ; and although the men could not see me, as the long-boat intervened, I could not help hearing everything they said.

“ Jack, who ever heard of turtle-soup without port wine?” remarked one of the oldest sailors to his shipmate, as he dipped his panican—a small tin dish—into the mess-kid.

“ Who, indeed ?” echoed another.

“ Blast my eyes !” exclaimed a third ;
“ I’ll eat no more of this bloody stuff.

Tom's quite right when he says that the skipper keeps feeding us on it 'cause it costs nothing ; one's getting all over boils, all through this greasy mess."

"Do you know what I heard the skipper say?" chimed in a fourth ; "why, I heard him tell Horace that we ought to like it, because in London it costs ten shillings a basin no larger than your panican ; but, as Tom says, it costs *him* nothing, and that's why he keeps feeding us with it."

"Yes ; but," added a fifth, "I heard him tell the mate, and the mate laughed, and said he know'd all about it ; and that it was quite true that turtle killed more London aldermen than anything else—that they grew big and fat with it ; and the mate said he had often see'd them in London. Then they got all over boils, just like you, Jack, and then they blew up, for their skins wouldn't hold 'em."

"I've seen them, too," said a sixth, "at the Lord Mayor's show, so blown up that a coach would hardly hold one of them, with their faces all over red marks, and blowing

like porpoises. Now, then, if they got that way through only having it for dinner and supper now and then, how must it be with us, if we go on getting nothing but turtle? Turtle to breakfast, turtle to dinner, and turtle as well to tea and supper, don't suit my stomach. It ain't good for me, I feel that," he continued; "and I won't have any more of it—I'm blowed if I shall."

"I don't wonder at that," said another; "for I never hee'rd of any of the folks on shore supping turtle-soup unless there was port wine to it—even then it does not save them from bu'sting at times."

This confirmation of the old sailor's opinion, that people on shore always mixed with the turtle-soup, or took after it, plenty of port wine, solved the mystery why they had felt so much out of sorts after their turtle meals. The truth was, they had all eat a great deal more than had been good for them; but this fact none of them seemed disposed to admit, and therefore they came to the conclusion, that it was the want of the wine in the soup which had made them ill.

The sea lawyer was again appealed to, and he proved, at least to their satisfaction, that they had a perfect right to refuse having any more turtle, and could demand instead thereof their allowance of beef and pork, in accordance with the articles of agreement, which he added, was "as per statute so provided;" though I dare say, it would not be easy to find amongst the numerous maritime acts of parliament any clause which provided that sailors were not to be supplied with turtle-soup. It was, however, unanimously resolved not to have any more of the turtle, unless I supplied the port wine, and they actually carried their resolution into effect.

Within half an hour, the whole of the seamen, with the sea lawyer at their head, carrying before him the kid with the remains of the turtle-soup, waited upon me, and told me that they would not have any more of it unless there was served out to the cook, *to boil with the soup*, a certain quantity of port wine.

As I had very little port wine on board,



and consequently could not meet their demands, even if I had been disposed to do so, we had to fall back upon the salt beef and pork, in accordance with the articles of agreement, and by the time we reached Calcutta there were two splendid turtles left, which the sailors would not eat, but which proved a very acceptable present to the merchants to whom my ship was consigned.

Such was the character of the crew with whom Claremont had to deal on the voyage in which he sailed under me; and if occasionally severe upon them it was not without just cause, for they were in various other matters almost as unreasonable. However, sailors are generally in such things very fastidious and exacting, though perhaps it would not be easy to find another crew who would peremptorily demand their salt beef and pork instead of such a dainty dish as turtle.

Had Claremont been allowed his own way, he would have made the men take their choice of turtle or nothing, and both Tom Horner and Horace entirely agreed with him; but I felt that after it had

with an over-supply of it.

At Calcutta, I learned from the consignees that my ship, on that voyage, would not return to Liverpool. She had, it appeared, been engaged by a few merchants in the North of England, who had formed themselves into an East India association, for the purpose of importing direct to the Tyne sufficient India produce to supply the wants of the district, without purchasing what they required, as they had hitherto done, through London or Liverpool. I believe the association, though many of the leading merchants of the North were connected with it, did not answer. The ship accordingly returned to the Tyne.

One day, soon after the cargo had been discharged, a gentleman called upon me to inquire after Claremont. He told me that he held a considerable interest in the produce imported by my vessel, and that he was a large ship-owner. He further stated, that one of his vessels, then in the Tyne, a barque of

about 450 tons register, required a commander, and that he had been so much pleased with Mr. Claremont from what he had seen of him, that he was prepared to offer him the command of the Emblem, if I could confirm the good opinion he had formed of him, and had no objection to part with him.

I told Mr. Greenwood that I certainly would not stand in the way of Claremont's preferment, and, in fact, should only be too happy to see him in command of a ship ; but fearing that he might have been deceived in regard to his age, for he looked some years older than he really was, I explained that he was only twenty years of age, and that he had not been more than five years at sea altogether, though he had gone through more than most men had done in double that time.

" Ah," said Mr. Greenwood, with a jerk of his right shoulder, for he had a habit of that sort when he spoke, " I don't mind the age—men's brains are not measured by their years ; and Pitt, you know, was Chancellor of the Exchequer when he wasn't much

older. Ain't that so? If you say he's *fit*, I'll take him."

I could honestly say so. Indeed, I never had under me a smarter sailor, or a better navigator; and though he had his failings—and who has not?—I could also conscientiously recommend him as a good scholar, and a fair man of business for his years. He had, I know, received only a limited amount of education when a boy at school, but he had educated himself in a great measure since then; and during the time he served under me his spare hours had been devoted assiduously to the study of arithmetic and mathematics, the art of letter-writing, and various other branches of learning, which would likely be of use to him in his every-day progress through life. Of the classics he knew nothing, nor was I competent to teach him; for I had entirely forgotten what little I had learned under my good old uncle, the vicar of Seahome.

Claremont felt very proud of the appointment, and well he might. Five years only had elapsed since he was a friendless, home-

less orphan boy in that same port of Shields. There Providence had put good old Tom Horner in his way, at a time when reduced almost to the verge of starvation, and now he was in command of a vessel destined for India. Who would not feel an honest and laudable pride at such rapid promotion, especially when it arose entirely through his own industry and good conduct, and in the face of the greatest hardships and difficulties.

In less than three weeks from the time I arrived in the Tyne Claremont sailed in command of the Emblem, with a cargo of coals for Table Bay, Cape of Good Hope, and arrived at that port after a very tedious passage of between two and three months. Having disposed of his coals, he set sail for the Mauritius, where instructions had been sent to have a cargo of sugar ready for him. By the time however of his arrival at Port Louis, the bulk of the sugars of that season had been shipped, and the holders of the small stock which remained on hand demanded prices above his limits. He therefore resolved, with the advice of his consignees, to employ

a portion of the gold which had been sent for investment in sugars in the purchase of a cargo of rice at Calcutta ; and such had been to some extent his instructions, in the event of the contingency which had arisen.

The speculation was successful in all respects ; the rice which he purchased at Calcutta at rates below the average, realized a price much beyond his expectations at the Mauritius, while the prices of the new crop of sugars were considerably below his limits. Having loaded a full cargo, he set sail for Cowes, where he had instructions to call for orders, touching at St. Helena for a fresh supply of water and provisions, but at nowhere else on his homeward passage. He only remained one day at St. Helena, but found sufficient time to pay a visit to the beautiful valley in the centre of the island, where, beneath a cluster of weeping willows, which hung gracefully over a plain flagstone, there then rested all that was mortal of the first Napoleon.

Soon after his arrival at Cowes, he received instructions to proceed direct to the London Dock with his cargo.

Shadwell entrance recalled no very pleasing associations. His ship, like all others from distant voyages, was boarded the instant she arrived in the outer basin by the usual hordes of crimps, and all sorts of harpies. Claremont however had left before she was moored, so as to reach the office of his consignees, and have her entered that day at the Custom House, and therefore did not see them ; but Tom Horner told him that most of the sailors had taken up their quarters at the *Sailor's Retreat*, and that both the proprietor of that house and his wife had been on board.

Amongst the crew of the Emblem, there was a seaman who had been shipped at the Mauritius, to supply a vacancy which had occurred on the voyage. Having been a great many years abroad, he had saved a considerable sum of money, and it was currently reported by his shipmates in the fore-castle, that he had between £300 and £400 with him, chiefly in gold, stowed away in either the private drawer or double-bottom of his chest. Many of the sailors in those days had chests thus fitted, in which they secreted

their treasure, but where they more frequently stowed the tobacco or cigars on which they did not intend to pay any duty. From what Tom stated, Captain Grondy, of the Sailor's Retreat, and his wife, had been very assiduous in their attention, and were seemingly much more anxious to induce the rich sailor to lodge at their house than any others of the crew, though they had all more than twelve months' wages due to them. The reasons soon transpired, and in a way which could hardly have been anticipated.

Within ten days after the arrival of the Emblem, Claremont and Tom Horner were summoned to attend before the coroner, in regard to an inquiry about to be made as to the death of one of the seamen of the Emblem, who had taken up his lodgings in the Sailor's Retreat, where he had died very suddenly. This man proved to be the sailor who had been shipped at the Mauritius, and who was reported to have had a good deal of money in his possession.

The evidence showed that Grondy had been almost constantly with him since his

arrival ; that he had been drinking very freely ; and that they had been frequently seen together in various dancing-saloons, theatres, and other similar places. It also appeared that he had occupied a room by himself in the Sailor's Retreat, next to the bed-room in which Mr. and Mrs. Grundy slept, and that a door led from the one room to the other. It was further proved by two of the sailors of the Emblem, that he really had a great deal of money in sovereigns ; that one of them had seen it while they were at sea ; and they both stated, that since they landed, this man had one night told them that he possessed £300, which he thought of investing in a public-house, and they swore that he showed them the money in a canvass bag, which he took from "a drawer or a kind of recess," they could not say which, in his chest.

Further evidence showed, that on the night previous to his death, although he had been the worse for liquor, he was in his usual state of health when he went to bed ; that no one had heard him complain of illness ; and that

when Mrs. Grondy, "wondering," as she said, "why he did not come down stairs to breakfast," went to call him, she found him dead in his bed, and with a great deal of "froth about his mouth." It also appeared by the evidence, that no cash whatever had been discovered in his chest during the search made immediately after his death ; and that all the money belonging to him was found in the pockets of his trousers, and consisted only of half a sovereign, three half-crowns, a sixpence, and a few coppers. Altogether the evidence was such, that the jury came to the conclusion that the poor fellow had been murdered and robbed ; and the suspicions were so strong against the crimp and his wife, both of whom had been seen coming out of his room early on the morning of his death, that the coroner felt it to be his duty to issue a warrant for their apprehension. The affair created at the time considerable sensation at the east end of London, and especially in Shadwell.

Within a month, Mr. and Mrs. Grondy were brought up for trial at the Old Bailey.

Similar and additional evidence to that given before the coroner was adduced in court, besides various matters of detail in regard to the general character of the Sailor's Retreat and its proprietors, all of which were very unsatisfactory. Various instances were brought forward incidentally where sailors had lost their money while there, and two cases were named where the crimp had been convicted of petty larceny, to which his wife had been accessory, but where they had escaped with a very lenient punishment.

Captain Claremont, as well as Horner, and four or five of the seamen who had sailed in the Emblem, appeared as witnesses; but all Claremont could say, was that the deceased man had been shipped by him at the Mauritius, and that he was paid off, with the rest of the crew, soon after that vessel arrived in the London Dock. He also stated the amount of wages he had received ; but he could not, of his own knowledge, say anything in regard to the large amount of money which was reported to have been in his possession when discharged from the Emblem.

Incidentally, it transpired in evidence that he himself once lodged, when a boy, in search of a ship, at the Sailor's Retreat, at which point the crimp and his wife started in surprise from their seats in the dock; and when Claremont related the circumstances—how he had lost the little money he possessed while lodging in their house, and how he had been dealt with,—though not bearing upon the case except as to character, there was considerable sensation in court, and the crimp, and more especially his wife, became deadly pale.

None of the witnesses who were called in their favour attempted to speak positively as to Grondy's character, except the Jew who had valued Claremont's chest and clothes. Attired in his usual flashy style, with various showy rings on his fingers, and a thick gold chain to his watch, he described himself as a merchant in the Minories, and the proprietor and occupier of a house in the Commercial-road; but in cross-examination he thoroughly broke down, and it came out that in numerous bad cases, but not within the range of the law, he had been in league with the crimp, who had divided with him the spoil.

There had been, of course, a *post mortem* examination on the body, but the medical evidence was somewhat conflicting as to the cause of death. It had not however arisen from natural causes; but as it might have been through deleterious drugs, too frequently mixed with the beer, and the other bad liquors, of which it was shown he had partaken very freely, and not by any poisonous matter administered with intent to murder by Grondy and his wife, the jury gave them the benefit of the doubt so far as regards the charge for murder. The robbery, however, was clearly proved against them. A large quantity of sovereigns, as well as the canvass bag which had contained them, and which had a curious mark upon it, were found in their possession; and there was also traced to them a draft for fifty pounds, from a house in the Mauritius upon its corresponding firm in London, in favour of the man who had been robbed. This draft had passed through the hands of the crimp's wife, who had given it to a sailor who lodged in the house in exchange for a similar amount of

money he had received for wages. The sailor had remitted the draft to his friends in Scotland, where it was cashed, and the bankers in London produced it on the trial. This circumstance, combined with other matters, brought the guilt of robbery clearly home to the wretched pair, who were transported for life. Such was the end of the money-grasping landlord of the Sailor's Retreat, and his very bad wife.

CHAPTER VIII.

AS outward freights were very depressed, the Emblem lay for nearly two months unemployed in the London Docks. The previous voyage having proved a very successful one, Mr. Greenwood did not consider it necessary to visit London to look after the ship, but left her interests to Claremont and the agents, who at last obtained a charter with the East India Company to convey 400 tons of coals to Bombay ; and a sufficiency of light freight was obtained elsewhere to complete her cargo for that port.

Having shipped a fresh crew, all of whom were strangers, with the exception of the chief mate, Tom Horner, and Horace, the Emblem set sail on her second voyage to India, where Claremont had a *carte blanche*

from her owners to employ her in such a manner as he thought likely to prove most remunerative.

Unfortunately, his passage down the English Channel proved very tedious. In many respects the weather resembled that which he had encountered when second officer under Captain Dinning in the *Cleopatra*. Adverse gales followed each other in rapid succession. Against these he contended for fifteen days and nights, and during the greater portion of that time he was beating to windward in the straits of Dover, whilst older and more cautious men lay with their ships snugly at anchor in the Downs.

Claremont, however, full of life and spirit, feeling that to do as others did would not in all cases be the best way either to go ahead with his ship or get on in the world, resolved to contend against the gale as long as any progress could be made ; and when abreast of the Start point he was favoured with a slant of wind, which enabled him to weather away Ushant and clear the land, thus rewarding him for his perseverance.



On his arrival at Bombay, freights were very low and altogether unremunerative thence to England. Under these circumstances, he readily accepted an offer from the East India Company to take the coals he had on board to Karak, a small island at the head of the Persian gulf, where a portion of our army was at that time stationed.

Our trade with the gulf then was very limited, and our intercourse so small, that at many of the villages scattered along the coast the inhabitants had seldom or never seen an Englishman.

The voyage proved more protracted and tedious than Claremont had anticipated. Light and adverse winds prevailed throughout, and in many parts the navigation was so intricate and dangerous, as to render it expedient to anchor during the night in some one of the numerous small bays and roadsteads which line the Persian shore of the gulf. On these occasions, native boats came alongside, frequently offering for sale vegetables, poultry, and fresh provisions, at prices



so low, that chickens could be occasionally purchased at from sixpence to tenpence per pair, and beef at twopence per pound.

The natives who visited the ship were good natured and friendly, and very just in their dealings, all of which were carried on by signs, as neither Claremont nor any of the crew understood their language.

Once only he visited the shore, and the object of his visit was ludicrous enough. Early one morning, a native boat, with a person in charge who evidently occupied a superior position to the general run of visitors, pulled in great haste alongside the Emblem, as she lay off a large village where she had anchored during the night. The stranger, by signs, gave Claremont to understand that his presence was very much wanted by some important personage in the village; pointing to a building of considerable dimensions, then placing both hands upon his stomach, and moaning, he thus explained that in the large house some great man lay very ill, and required medical aid.

In every merchant ship there is, as I ex-

plained in a previous portion of this narrative, a medicine-chest and a book of directions, which is meant to explain how the medicines are to be used in case of sickness ; but as the book was not very clearly understood, the sovereign and almost universal remedy in those days for any internal complaint with which sailors were afflicted consisted of a dose of calomel and jalap, and the strength of the dose, regardless, even when understood, of the "directions," was regulated by the size of the patient much more than by the nature and character of the disease. The master and the steward, who alone were supposed to understand the mysteries of physic, though they knew little more than the sailors, generally held that all internal diseases arose from the state of the stomach, which they understood to be the main-spring of the whole body, or the seat of life. Their rule, whenever any one fell sick, was to endeavour to make a clearance of everything that had been stowed in the human hold, and consequently they applied the medicine which most speedily effected that

purpose. With an extra quantity of these never-failing drugs in his pocket, and with a lancet and tooth-drawer, in case these instruments might be found requisite, Claremont, with his faithful Horace, consented to accompany the stranger on shore. He also took in the boat with him Tom Horner, and three of the sailors as oarsmen, and to act as a body-guard, in case he might be waylaid, although he had very little apprehension of any foul play.

His road lay through a filthy narrow street, lined by miserable houses built of chinám, a description of white clay which, when hardened, has the appearance in the distance of polished stone or marble, though very unlike either when closely inspected. At the end of this lane stood the large house which had been pointed out to him where the sheik of the district, of which the village was the chief place, resided. The buildings, as well as the high wall surrounding them, were built of the universal chinám; and at the gateway stood a couple of men, who might be either guards or porters. Passing through

a long dark passage, floored also with chinám, but covered in some parts with rough matting, Claremont was ushered into an apartment at the end of this corridor, in which the sheik lay, surrounded by various members of his family. I suppose the sheik either had a quarrel with the medical practitioner of the district—for it no doubt contained one of some sort or other,—or having lost faith in him, and hearing of the English ship in the bay, had sent on board for advice or assistance. In an adjoining room, female voices were heard making a very great and very unpleasant noise, and the sounds they raised were so discordant, that the sheik, who was really ill, could hardly expect to improve while they continued. Claremont therefore, by way of showing that he understood what was good for his patient, ordered the room to be instantly cleared of its noisy occupants. The females, however, were evidently very reluctant to evacuate their quarters; for it was only after a great deal of noise and squabbling that his orders were carried into effect. Assuming, when quiet-



ness had been obtained, as much gravity and as perfect a look of professional intelligence as he was capable of displaying, he took hold of the sheik's hand, felt his pulse, and after that made him show his tongue. Having done so, he shook his head, as if to intimate to the family circle that the case was one which would require all his knowledge and skill to cure. He then ordered Horace to get a cup, or some other small dish, with a supply of fresh water. Satisfied with the effect apparently produced by his preliminary antics, he added in the interval, as a means of still further displaying his interest in the patient, and his own skill, a few more ; turning up the lids of the sheik's eyes, feeling the beat of his heart, and after that placing his hand upon his stomach, evidently the seat, in this instance, of the disease, and therefore coming legitimately within the range of the sailor's universal medicine. The sheik was a very big fellow, apparently more than six feet in height, of great muscular strength, and about fifty-five years of age. What his stomach might have been in his ordinary state

of health, Claremont could only conjecture; but it then appeared to him to be unusually distended, and very hard.

These diagnoses at once revealed what was the matter with the sheik. He had gorged himself to repletion, and the food would not digest, and Claremont could not let the poor man *die jesting*. It was, in fact, just the sort of complaint in which, of all others, a strong dose of calomel and jalap would be likely to prove efficacious; but he appeared to be a very long time in arriving at that conclusion. If humming and hawing, and looking absolutely grave are indispensable antics to be performed by too many medical men amongst a highly-civilized people, he thought he could not be far wrong in carrying them to the extent he did under the peculiar circumstances in which he found himself placed. After a due exhibition of all this tomfoolery, much to the wonder and evident delight of the sheik and those who surrounded his bed, but to the amazement of Horace, he with great gravity pulled from his pocket his packets of medicine, and ordering Horace to fetch

the cup and the water, he compounded in it a large dose of the never-failing remedy. The sheik, when he put it to his lips, did not seem to relish either the smell or the taste; but when Claremont made signs that he might die unless he swallowed the whole of it, he, with a very wry face, gulped it down. Such a dose mortal man had never before taken, either in Persia or anywhere else. It speedily acted upon the "chief seat of life," afforded the necessary relief to the afflicted patient, and produced the desired effect much sooner than he and his friends could have anticipated, of restoring him to his usual good health, for which he and his family were very grateful indeed to Claremont, whose skill they duly acknowledged.

The adverse winds had freshened, and as the Emblem consequently did not get under weigh, Claremont received in the course of the afternoon the present of a very handsome shawl, as a recompense for the penny-worth of jalap he had administered to the donor. Gratified with the present, he desired his best thanks to be conveyed to the sheik, with a hint that during the next feast-days

he must not eat so much as he had done on the last occasion, or he might not always find the means of obtaining similar speedy relief.

After an interesting but tedious passage of six weeks from Bombay, the Emblem arrived at her port of destination.

For some years a detachment of our troops had been stationed at Bushire, but had to evacuate that place, and take up their quarters at the barren island of Karak, which is about ten miles in circumference, and sixty miles distant from Bushire. At that place there was then an encampment of soldiers, consisting of the sixteenth regiment of Bengal infantry, with a detachment of the second Bombay artillery, the whole of whom were East Indians, except the commissioned officers, who were Englishmen.

No sooner had the Emblem cast anchor in Karak roadstead, than a great many of the officers came on board to see if Claremont had any letters or newspapers, and to ascertain if he had any beer, or cheese, or hams for sale, all of which were at that time in great demand in camp. Though he had none of

these things for sale, he had some to spare, which he courteously offered for their acceptance, and thus installed himself at once in their favour.

As the Emblem was the only English ship in the roadstead, except the small sloop of war on which the senior naval officer hoisted his flag, and the ten-gun brig under his orders, that gentleman had felt it to be his duty to visit her immediately on arrival; and being a very cross-grained and overbearing person, he was evidently displeased with the soldiers' officers for having gone on board before him, more especially when he saw that they were walking away with various hams and cheeses, of which he himself was very short. To add to this, these officers had given Claremont an invitation to dine at their mess whenever he visited the shore, and as no such comprehensive invitation had ever been given to the old commodore, that made him still more angry with them. However, it appeared that that was nothing unusual. The commodore, who was a most unprepossessing and disagreeable little man, had long

- had a grudge against the soldiers, and they had as great a grudge against him, from his habit of interfering with them, and with affairs in which they thought he had no concern.

These differences were not, however, matters which concerned Claremont in any way ; and while he remained at Karak, he endeavoured as far as possible to keep on good terms with both parties, though it was at times a somewhat difficult matter to do so with the commodore.

The Emblem remained on pay as a transport for four months ; indeed, it was not until after she had been six weeks in port that the authorities discovered they had no suitable means for landing the coals she had on board, and consequently they kept her lying at anchor as a store-hulk, from which a paddle-steamer, then engaged on a survey of the gulf, could be supplied with coals as she required them. The demurrage being very handsome, Claremont, of course, did not complain about the detention ; but I never heard either the owner or master of any

merchant ship employed by government complain of detention, even when kept for a year or two doing nothing, and it did not require much calculation to convince him that he could not anywhere find any employment half so remunerative for the Emblem as that of "coal-hulk for the fleet ;" in fact, however undignified, the employment was so very lucrative that he wished the authorities had kept her, so far as the interests of her owners were concerned, on pay for four years instead of four months. His only objections were that he had too little to do ; and lounging idly about a camp, where he spent a considerable portion of his time with the officers of his own age, with whom he had become intimate, had no charms for him. At last he found something to do on shore.

About six weeks after his arrival, there was a review of the whole of the troops, and a fête day ; and the preparations for the various athletic games, and other amusements which were to follow, occupied a portion of Claremont's leisure time while the guest, which he happened then to be, of Lieutenant

Rix of the sixteenth, a gentleman who, by the way, had even a greater grudge against the commodore than any of his brother officers. It appeared that the commodore delighted to display (as old sailors often do) his equestrian powers on an Arab hunter—a long-legged, scarecrow animal, kept for his use on shore. Although an inferior horseman, with a figure ill adapted to equestrian exercise, he was excessively fond of a gallop, and somehow invariably managed to stick on the back of his ungainly horse.

Claremont had a monkey on board, and without his knowledge or consent, Rix contrived to smuggle it on shore during his absence from the ship, handing it over to the native tailor to make a blue coat for it, in exact imitation of the commodore's, with three stripes on the right cuff, and a cocked hat provided with the requisite facings. Now, it further happened that Lieutenant Andrews, of the artillery, had a dark greyhound, not unlike the commodore's Rosinante. A saddle with stirrups, made to fit this dog, and a cloth resembling the one worn across the



back of the commodore's horse when in full dress, completed the caparison. When everything was prepared, the dog and the monkey were secured under lock and key.

The morning of the review was very fine. The officer's wives, with their families, attired in their gayest dresses, were seated on a covered platform, erected for their convenience. Like their husbands, they had little or no respect for the commodore, who, priding himself in plain speaking, had never attempted to conceal his contempt for their sex generally. The review passed off in good style. Even the commodore was in a more than usual agreeable mood; indeed, he had not been heard to swear that morning more than half a dozen times against the "stiff-necked soldiers, with their buckram backs and pipe-clayed belts."

When the troops had relieved themselves of their accoutrements, they returned to the parade-ground, and formed a large and clear semicircle in front of the ladies' platform, thus marking out the ground devoted to the athletic amusements. The day had been one

of pleasure and enjoyment, but the merriment rose to its height when, to the astonishment and delight of every person present, Claremont's monkey, strapped on to the back of the greyhound, rushed into the ring, the *fac simile* of the commodore in full dress on his skeleton horse. There was no mistake about the identity. The ladies could not restrain their delight ; and they laughed and waved their handkerchiefs, as unmistakable tokens to him of how much they were pleased with the caricature of the man who had not hesitated to express the antipathy in which he held their sex. The officers for a time joined heartily in the universal laughter, and the soldiers, following the example of their superiors, joined vociferously in the jeers and mirth. The dog, with the monkey on its back, ran round the ring in a state of feverish excitement, very much like the dog in the course on a Derby day. The soldiers took care to keep the ring close and clear, so that everybody should see the spectacle of the model commodore ; one peal of laughter followed another, which rose into a frenzy,

when the commodore himself in a towering passion, galloped into the ring.

On his appearance, the Colonel in command of the troops assumed an exceedingly grave countenance ; but it was too apparent that he had the greatest difficulty in controlling his own risible faculties. The commodore stormed, and threatened to report the matter to head-quarters at Bombay, and vowed that a court-martial whereby one half of the officers should be dismissed the regiment was his only alternative ; but as the monkey belonged to Claremont, who was not under either military or naval control, and as Andrews declared—which was the fact at the time—that he had no idea who had taken the liberty with his greyhound, the culprits were never discovered, and consequently this ludicrous affair did not solve itself into a court-martial. It however long afforded a subject of mirth in the camp ; and after that the commodore seldom or never appeared on horseback, and interfered much less with the soldiers and their affairs than he had previously done.



Besides Rix and Andrews, with whom Claremont had become very intimate, there was another gentleman resident in the camp, whose society proved peculiarly agreeable to him. Rix, ever laughing, made an excellent companion, while Andrews was fond of a yarn and good at a song ; but Morrier, the assistant-surgeon of the sixteenth, was related to the Stanleys. He had only joined the regiment a month before the Emblem arrived at Karak. Direct from Liverpool, he had spent an evening with that family the week before he sailed, and he could tell Claremont all about them.

Mr. Stanley, he said, had been in England for more than a year, and he and his sisters and Miss Gray had taken a house in the neighbourhood of Liverpool. Christina had remained single for only six months after their arrival, had refused in that time half a dozen offers, but at last had married a manufacturer in Manchester. Maria, who was also greatly admired, would not be long, Mr. Morrier thought, before she followed the example of her eldest sister. Catherine he

did not seem to know so much about ; he had only seen her twice since their arrival from Demerara, for she had been sent to a boarding-school in Cheshire soon afterwards. From the little, however, he had seen, he had come to the conclusion that she was very handsome ; adding that she had charmed the small party where he last met her by the manner in which she had sung " Away on the wings of the wind she flies," and " Kathleen, mavourneen."

The coals having at last been cleared from the Emblem, the payment of all further demurrage ceased, and Claremont was obliged to leave in search of employment. With that object in view, he set sail for Bushire, where he hoped to secure freight for her to Bombay. On his arrival, he introduced himself to an Armenian merchant there, whose name had been mentioned to him at Karak as a likely person to assist him in procuring freight, and who understood the English language.

At that time the southern portions of Persia were in a very disturbed state, arising



in some measure from the foreshadowings of the Affghan war which afterwards broke out, and proved so disastrous to our troops. The people of Bushire and its neighbourhood were therefore anxious to transport their treasures, and any other moveable property of much value, to a place of greater safety; and the Armenian held out hopes that if the Emblem remained for a month, he should be able to secure for her in that time a considerable amount of specie, as well as produce, on freight to Bombay. Under these circumstances, Claremont resolved to do so; especially as he felt pretty certain of obtaining, besides the specie, a quantity of silk and dates, provided the necessary time was afforded for collection, preparation, and shipment.



CHAPTER IX.

A MONTH to spare, with little or nothing to do, in such a place as Bushire, where he did not know a single person who spoke a word of English except the old Armenian, was not, even to Claremont, accustomed as he had been to a solitary life, a very pleasant prospect. He therefore sent a letter by one of the native boats trading between Bushire and Karak, inviting Rix, Andrews, and Morrier to come across and spend a week or ten days with him. They readily accepted his invitation, and obtained from the colonel a furlough of three weeks.

Andrews and his colleagues had however an excursion in view, of which Claremont was not aware when he sent the invitation.

For it they had been making preparations, and were ready to start whenever they were allowed furlough, which his letter had aided them in obtaining.

Thirty miles, or thereabouts, from Bushire there is a range of hills, where wild boars are to be found in great abundance, and beyond them an extensive plain, much frequented by antelopes, and affording excellent sport. But Claremont, when his military friends accepted the invitation, had no idea that they contemplated an expedition against the wild boars, nor a tour to the plains of Chacudda ; and he was therefore surprised to find when they sheered alongside of the Emblem, that their boat contained not merely themselves, but their horses and guns, besides a supply of provisions. For them and their luggage the Emblem had ample room ; but the horses were placed under the charge of the Armenian on shore, through whose assistance a caravan was formed, consisting of a camel to carry the stores, various natives with their arms, and a couple of very donkey-like mules—short-legged and sure-footed animals.



Having listened to the plans of his friends, and satisfied himself that the ship might be left in safety in charge of his first mate, he arranged to accompany them, on the understanding that the excursion into the interior would not extend over ten or twelve days.

The preparations were soon complete, and the party started on the hunting expedition within a couple of days of their arrival at Bushire. A horse had been provided for Claremont, but he declined it. Never having crossed the back of any four-legged animal, he had very great misgivings in regard to his equestrian powers, and very properly preferred one of the short-legged mules, as a fall from its back would be a comparatively light affair ; besides, it looked a much more staid animal than any of the frisky Arab horses presented for his approval. Here he displayed his caution and prudence ; for he had a good many slips from the saddle, and even over the tail of the mule, besides a gentle pitch over its head, before the first day's journey came to an end.

The expedition proved however a novelty



to him ; and as the country, though barren, was from its novelty interesting, he enjoyed himself a great deal more than, under the circumstances, could have been expected. Rix was full of fun, Morrier had always something to tell him about the Stanleys, and Andrews, who sung the songs which Catherine sang, had no end of yarns to spin, and other songs as well to sing ; so that the journey to the hunting-ground proved, in spite of mishaps, a very agreeable one.

On the morning of the third day from the time of leaving Bushire, they reached the ravines where the boars were to be found, and an entire change of scenery. From the sandy and almost sterile plain, the country became wild and rugged. Deep gullies and large boulders lay in their course, over which the mules made much greater progress than the Arab horses ; but whatever charms this scenery had for Claremont, the hunt itself had none. It was out of his line, and a much more dangerous sport than he had anticipated ; but the danger enhanced its charms to the soldiers ; and when Rix one



day nearly lost his life, he pronounced the sport to be "splendid," and far beyond his expectations. At one time the sportsmen pursued the animals on horseback, and at another on foot, according to the nature of the ground. On the day when Rix's life had been in jeopardy, the horses were in use ; and the soldiers had stumbled upon an enormous sow, with her young, which had just been roused from its lair by the natives. Rushing towards the spot where Rix stood, it suddenly sprung at him, more after the style of the tiger than the boar. He made a dart at the infuriated animal with his spear ; the shaft however unfortunately broke, and as its point had only grazed the lower jaw, the brute became still more infuriated. With one bound—an unusual thing, I am told, for these animals to do,—it seized Rix by the leg as he sat on his horse, and with its long, sharp tusks would have thrown him from the saddle, had not Claremont, who happened to be close at hand on foot, run his spear into its belly and killed it on the spot.

Of course the sportsmen were delighted.



Claremont, however, who did not see any amusement in such dangerous games, left his companions ever afterwards to enjoy the "glories of the chase," while he contented himself with a cigar, and the scenery around the place where they had pitched their tent. In the evening, the description of their exploits in the field proved to him a great deal more interesting than the exploits themselves.

If the number of animals slaughtered constituted any proof of "glory," combined with success, then the satisfaction of the soldiers must have been complete, as they killed, old and young, upwards of forty "porkers." But as food the animals were worthless; the flesh of even the youngest proved rank and uneatable, and the tufts, or tips of the tails, alone were preserved as trophies of their exploits, to be produced in the camp at Karak. Of these they were proud; and they had reason to be so, for it is questionable if the tiger-hunt in India is as dangerous as that of the wild boar in the rugged and narrow passes of the highlands of Persia.



Two days' journey across the hills, and another across the plain beyond, brought them to the fortified town of Chacudda—a large straggling place, surrounded by a few trees, and here and there clusters of copse-wood springing up from amongst the sand. The sheik of the district and his sons were ready to receive them. He himself had visited Bushire when our troops were stationed at that place, and as he had received many courtesies and much attention from our resident and the officers of the regiment then stationed at Bushire, he entertained a very friendly feeling towards the English, and a high respect for the gentlemen of the army. From Bushire a messenger had been despatched to apprise him of their intention to spend a few days in hunting the antelopes in the vicinity of Chacudda.

The sheik, himself a brave old hunter, had many sons, fine stalwart fellows, who, untrained to any profession but that of arms and the sports of the field, were huntsmen in no way inferior to himself. One of them performed the extraordinary feat of leaping

upon the bare back of an Arab horse with his matchlock slung across his shoulders, and when at full speed, bringing down a small bird on the wing with that unwieldy weapon.

The old man had everything he could afford prepared for the reception of his friends. A portion of his house, a large but partially dilapidated building, forming a square round an open court, was placed at their disposal. Andrews, who was proficient in the language, acted as interpreter, and supplied him and his sons in return for their courtesy with as much brandy and beer as was good for them—perhaps rather more. A few presents from Bushire were also presented to the sheik, who, in return, provided horses trained to the hunt, for which arrangements had been made in anticipation. The inhabitants gathered in great numbers to see the preparations; and the old sheik himself and his sons and followers, were in attendance early on the following morning with the horses and the usual accessories. Dogs trained to the sport were

at their disposal, and Andrews, Rix, and Morrier looked the very picture of happiness. Not so Claremont. If he had been allowed his own way, he would have much preferred remaining at Chacudda, and embracing the opportunity of strolling about the town and neighbourhood. But his friends insisted that he should accompany them; and though the hunt was of a very different kind from that of chasing the wild boar, it was not without reluctance that he consented. He resolved, however, to keep in the rear; and with his steady-paced mule, which had thus far been his faithful companion, he could hardly do otherwise. But Andrews would not listen to his proposal. A mule of the donkey stamp at an antelope hunt would be too ridiculous. It might, he added, be permitted when tracking the boar, but in pursuit of the fleet antelope, his proposal to accompany them on any animal of the jackass species was "altogether absurd and ridiculous."

Now, to one like himself who had never mounted a horse at all, nor even crossed the back of a donkey or a mule without tumbling



over its head or slipping over its tail, the experiment of mounting an Arab hunter was a matter which really required serious consideration. Claremont did consider it very seriously, and declined ; but after considerable persuasion he was induced to do it, especially when one of the sheik's sons submitted for his approval the most *gentle-looking* creature he had ever seen—so graceful, and so quiet, and subjected apparently so completely to his control, that for once in his life he ventured to stride the back of a horse. No inducement, however, has ever since that memorable occasion tempted him to repeat the experiment.

The saddle, of Persian manufacture, offered to him a further inducement. Unlike our saddles, it had a nice soft pad raised in front, and with two small piques, and a horn to hold by, formed a safe and convenient seat for an equestrian like himself, who had an irresistible tendency to bolt over any four-legged animal's head, if he had not previously slipped over its tail or under its belly. With the aid of the sheik's sons, and under the

directions of Andrews, Claremont contrived to mount his gentle-looking Arab hunter, and actually confessed that he was much more at ease than ever he had been on the back of the mule ; indeed, before they were half an hour on their journey, he remarked that he wondered how he could have preferred that low-backed, stupid, jog-trot mule, to the easy and graceful creature on which he then sat. But though he thus ventured to express himself to his soldier companions, and they in turn joked, and said that after all he was really a first-rate horseman, Claremont had his suspicions that there was danger ahead, and he required something more than their assurances to the contrary to allay his fears and convince him that they were unfounded. He could manage a ship under any circumstances ; but a horse, he felt, would be a very different affair if it perchance got under full sail, and would be much more difficult to control.

Everything however went well enough for many miles, and so long as the party remained in the open plain the Arab hunter

moved as he wished ; in fact, nothing could have been easier than its motion, which proved so much more comfortable than he had anticipated, that he at last thought himself, after all, a fair equestrian.

The native huntsmen, with the dogs, were ahead. His companions were in the best humour and full of spirits, and Claremont more composed and happy than ever he imagined he could have been on the back of any horse, especially on such an expedition. He had already been an hour in the saddle without any mishap, and another hour would take them to the place where the antelopes were usually found. On reaching however the cover, where the ground was rough and broken, the dogs commenced to bark and howl, which they had not done before ; and though they were a considerable distance in advance, the breeze blowing in his face wafted their signals quickly and clearly to the ears of his hunter. The Arab horse, which had been moving very gently only a minute before, instinctively recognised the familiar sounds. The "view halloa," especi-

ally in Persia, or in fact anywhere, was an unknown tongue to Claremont. The antelopes had "broken cover." His Arab knew it; and though he did not know it, he felt it instinctively, for his horse bolted away at the most astounding speed. Claremont had throughout his fears; he had not, however, calculated upon any such instantaneous and rapid movement. His coaxing and persuasive cries of—"Gently, gently, gently," were altogether unavailing. In vain he tugged the reins, muttering—"So, so, so," in the hope of checking its speed; but his power over the animal had entirely gone. Resigning himself therefore to his fate, and cursing the folly which had induced him to trust himself on an Arab hunter, he twisted the reins round the horn in front of the saddle, clapped his heels under its belly, and laid firm hold of the piques.

The horse required no impulse; but the flapping of the loose reins impelled it on faster and faster, as if under the impression that its rider was running a neck-or-nothing race for the Derby over a steeple-chase



course. Its pace soon became fearful—over brushwood, and ditches, and gullies; down hillocks and up again; turning here, and galloping away there, like a greyhound after a hare, it followed the track of the hounds and the antelopes in every direction. These extraordinary evolutions were no doubt very gratifying to the horse. It appeared to be quite in its element, but Claremont was entirely out of his; and to make matters worse, every effort on his part to check the animal in its career, or to coax it to go “gently,” proved not merely in vain, but made the horse go faster, as if “gently” in Arabic meant full speed.

Away it went, through a quagmire on one side and a copse of dwarfish trees on the other; then, having cleared these difficulties with a tact which proved its familiarity with them, it started off again, as if it had nobody on its back, rushing this time with almost lightning speed over an open plain into which the hounds had driven the antelopes.

Though the risk to life and limb became less perilous than it had been amongst the



jungle, Claremont felt, nevertheless, at a loss to understand what could induce his soldier friends to cheer him in the lusty manner they were doing. During the chase, they had had full command over their horses, and had therefore not found it necessary, much less desirable, to follow the dogs as closely as he had been obliged to do ; but having taken a near cut across the plain, they were gaining upon him. They were still, however, a considerable distance in his rear, but not sufficiently close to see that he had relinquished the reins, and resigned himself to his fate. With a closer approach, their cheers would, I dare say, have given way to laughter even louder and longer. As it was, they really believed him to be one of the most daring of horsemen and boldest of huntsmen, and that the numerous mishaps which had befallen him on the road to Chacudda had arisen from his own carelessness in the management of the mule.

After a most perilous run, the dogs brought one of the antelopes to the ground. At that moment, Claremont's mad hunter was going



at a tremendous speed, but the instant the antelope fell into the grasp of the hounds, it suddenly stopped, planting its fore feet firmly on the ground. The sudden shock, as a matter of course, pitched him over its head; but fortunately he fell upon soft ground, and was in no way injured. Jumping, in a trice, upon his feet, he leaped at once upon the back of his horse again, regained possession of the long-lost reins, and before his military friends came up, he had entirely recovered his equanimity.

“Hillo!” cried Andrews, as he reached the place where the dead antelope lay, which the Arab hunter, with Claremont on its back, was complacently surveying. “You’re a pretty fellow to travel all the way to Chacudda on a mule, under pretence that you could not ride, and slipping off its back now and again, merely to gammon us.”

“Ah!—Hem!” said Claremont, for he had made up his mind not to tell anybody the predicament in which he had been placed, or reveal the very disagreeable fact that he had been over the horse’s head, and therefore did not know what else to say.



“The boldest riders stick at nothing,” said Rix, in a complimentary tone.

To these very erroneous laudations he might have demurred; but Morrier, adding—that the next time he wrote to the Stanleys, he should inform them that he was as intrepid on a horse as he would be in a gale of wind, thoroughly confirmed the resolution to keep his secret. He, however, felt that he would rather have been anywhere else during the chase, if the Arab hunter had allowed him, and he resolved never to stride the back of a horse again, a resolution to which he has since faithfully adhered. He preferred, therefore, to the surprise of his comrades, to return to Chacudda on the mule, which the native attendant had, with much forethought and prudence, taken to the hunting-ground.

On their return to head-quarters, the sheik had prepared a substantial repast, laid out in one of the large vacant rooms of his house, where they had comfortable quarters, and were very happy during the three days they remained at Chacudda; but nothing could induce Claremont to accompany them on the



second and third day to the hunt. If he had, his secret would likely enough have been revealed; for he could not expect to fare equally well the next time he strode the back of an Arab hunter. Amusing himself about the place during the day, he enjoyed their society in the evening, which was materially enhanced whenever Andrews happened to sing the same songs which Morrier had said Catherine Stanley sung with so much taste. He could not say why, but any remarks about the Stanley family were of more interest to him than the ordinary run of conversation, and her favourite songs were far prettier in his estimation than any other of the numerous songs which Andrews sung so well. If he had been asked the reason, I dare say he might not have been able to furnish anything very satisfactory in reply. Very likely, the girl who had sung these songs had not once thought of him after they had parted company on board of the *Arethusa*. She too had in a great measure gone out of his recollection, till Morrier revived the thought, and then her songs, sung



in the distant camp, brought her form and voice to his memory, though for what purpose he did not know. He could not have dreamt of love. Buffeted about the world, without a home, without a resting-place, he dared not think of such a thing ; but after all it was love, and he did not know it.

CHAPTER X.

OLD Sailors are proverbially fond of spinning yarns, and Tom Horner proved no exception to the rule ; but for a young man and a soldier, Lieutenant Andrews, of the Bombay artillery, had few equals at sea or in camp, either at a yarn or at a song, while equally good at both. He was ever on the alert for something new and startling. A great talker, and a good talker as well which is not always the case, any yarns passing through his hands were often materially improved, and the second edition made either more terrible or more interesting than the first.



Tom Horner used to relate a tragic affair which happened on board of an American vessel while he was in the Mediterranean. I have no reason to doubt the truth of the story, though in some respects it seemed to be almost too horrible to be true ; but as Andrews spun this yarn also, and as an account of it is thus obtained through two different and independent sources, I dare say the leading incidents are substantially correct. Tom said, that though not actually a witness to the scene, its relation on the day after its occurrence, when there were means at his disposal of testing the facts, produced such an effect upon him, that he relinquished entirely the use of intoxicating liquors. At the time when it happened, he was serving on board of a man-of-war, then at anchor in the Bay of Naples, and he had more than once related the circumstances to Claremont ; but as Lieutenant Andrews received his information from the man who captured the murderer, I shall give, in preference, his version of this terrible tragedy.

Andrews, always ready for a yarn, was



more than usually talkative on the last night the hunting-party spent at Chacudda, for they had had an excellent day's sport. Having finished dinner, they were enjoying their cigars, intending to go early to rest, as they had arranged to start by break of day on the following morning, on their return to Bushire ; and Claremont lay half asleep on his mattress, when Andrews commenced his yarn.

" It has been my lot," said Andrews, " to travel rather more by water than most soldiers of my age ; and, however idle our life may be at the Karak camp, it is certainly less irksome than a soldier's life at sea. I was always a favourite with the sailors, or at least I thought so, and I know the sailors were always favourites of mine ; for in their society I often found better company than in the cabin, especially when my chums ordered out the brandy and water.

" Now, don't go to sleep, skipper," he continued, turning to Claremont ; " Tom Horner knows all about the story I'm going to tell, and he says it's quite true.

" Well, whenever I found a good fellow at



a yarn, I stuck to him like a leech ; and on the passage I last made from the Cape to Bombay, I met a man after my own heart. I never knew a better fellow than Yankee Ben. It was the only name by which the crew knew him, in contradistinction, as I supposed, to Big Ben, the boatswain's mate, a lazy, lounging fellow, as fond of drink as the other Ben abhorred it ; but the crew had another reason for the name. My Ben was a long-legged, raw-boned, yellow-faced, ungainly-looking fellow. He also chewed tobacco ; and as those appearances and that failing are supposed—why they should be, I cannot say—to be characteristic of a particular section of the inhabitants of the northern portion of the United States, the sailors added ' Yankee' to the Ben, though they knew he came from Yorkshire. But Ben, with all his eccentricities and uncouth manners, was a kind-hearted, generous fellow, and merry too ; for no one on board could rival him at a dance, or ' ocean hornpipe,' as he described a peculiar cut-and-shuffle, which in fine weather he often performed during the dog watches.



“There was, however,” continued Andrews, “one thing in particular I always thought very singular in such a man. He never tasted strong drinks of any kind. He had a horror of them ; and yet I never heard him preaching temperance to his shipmates. When I foolishly endeavoured to force upon him a tumbler of brandy and water, he got into quite a tremor, and walked away, as if out of sorts with me ; but whenever I endeavoured to ascertain the reasons for his antipathy to grog, he merely shook his head. At last, one moonlight night, during his watch on deck, I found him under the lee of the long-boat, smoking his pipe, and seemingly quite in the mood for a yarn. “Now, Ben,” said I, “why don’t you like a glass of grog ?

“ ‘Why don’t I ?’ said he, ‘because I don’t.’

“But did you never ?

“ ‘I can’t say that,’ rejoined Ben ; ‘but I never shall again.’

“Then you once had your allowance like other sailors ? I replied, inquiringly ; but

you seem to have a very great antipathy to it now.

“ ‘So I well may,’ answered Ben, speaking slowly, and in a somewhat severe tone for him, ‘so I well may ; but as I see you will have it out of me, though I don’t like the story, I shall tell the reason to you.’ And here,” said Andrews, “I may repeat it to the best of my recollection, as it is too soon to go to bed, though the skipper doesn’t seem to have got the better, even yet, of the splendid gallop he had three days ago, and is more than half asleep already.

“In 1821, Ben was acting in the double capacity of sailor and steward on board of a small schooner craft called the *Amity*, at that time lying at anchor in the Bay of Naples. On a Sunday evening—and such an evening as can be seen only in Italy,—when there was not a breath of wind, and when the *Amity* lay as if moored between two firmaments ; for the stars above were reflected in the still waters below, twinkling as bright and as clear in their ocean mirror as their original prototypes, and—”



"There you go," interrupted Claremont, wakening up ; "there you go, up to the skies. What could Ben know about 'firmaments,' and 'prototypes ;' he never said all that."

"No," resumed Andrews, crossly ; "but I'm saying it, and if you can't listen without finding fault when you're half asleep, and can only hear the half of the story, just you shut your eyes, and go to sleep altogether. Did you never," he continued, addressing Claremont, testily, "did you never see the stars shining in the water, and the masts of your own ship also ? Did you never, on such a night and in such a climate, often imagine, when you were lying at anchor, and a little more awake than you are just now, that you were suspended between two firmaments—one above and one below, since the reflection of the stars often appears, as you know, or ought to know, quite as bright through the smooth water on a clear night as the stars themselves ? If you have not enjoyed the scene, then the next time you are in the tropics, rub your eyes and look over the



taffrail of your ship, and you will see what you never saw before. In the meantime, if you can't keep quiet, you may go to sleep, while I go on with Ben's yarn.

"Well then," resumed Andrews, "the night was beautiful, as I have said, and as Ben told me. Now though Ben, when amongst his shipmates, was a right merry and rollicking sort of fellow, he would at times come out in a way that astonished his shipmates; for though he never had had much teaching at school, he was a scholar in his way, and if he did not write poetry, he had a poet's mind of a very high order, and the skipper there may laugh if he likes; he had also a painter's eye."

Claremont looked rather sceptically at Andrews, who again turned to him sharply, and said—"Now I mean what I say, and you ought not to sneer at it; for you pretend to be a bit of a poet yourself, though I do not know that you ever were a fag at Eton, or carried away any honours at Oxford. Does anybody imagine that it requires scholastic education to make a man a poet or a painter?

You, at least, cannot suppose that it is impossible to be one or the other, without such kind of instruction. If you do, you are a greater donkey than I take you to be, not that I think you much of that either, though you are particularly partial to their society. But I tell you, believe me or not as you please, that Yankee Ben, though he could not write, or even read, and though he could not speak good English, really was, in mind, a poet of no ordinary stamp. You might have spoilt him if you had educated him; but all the education of the universities could not cram into a man the natural genius and taste which Yankee Ben possessed, unless he had them there innately. Few persons appreciated the beauties of nature more than he—no, not even you, with your love of solitude and professions of admiration for the sublime and beautiful. Well, on such an evening as I have described, Ben would perch himself upon some prominent part of the ship's hull, and there, lost in a reverie, if he could not ratiocinate and philosophize like the men of the universities, he

could be at least happy by himself in the contemplation of the works of creation. One Sunday evening, when alone, and having no work to do, he lay thus enjoying himself on the grated platform, which extended from the cabin skylight to the taffrail on either side of the wheel.

“There was then at anchor in the bay an American brigantine schooner, which lay about 150 yards nearer the shore than the *Amity*. She was a low rakish craft, with great beam, long tapering masts, and very square yards. Looking towards the shore, the yards and masts were much more distinctly seen than her low black hull, from the fact that the rays of the moon, then just appearing from behind the hills which line the Bay of Naples, shone on the spars, and left her hull in comparative obscurity. Ben had been lying on the grating for more than an hour, and was about to retire for the night, when he heard a cry of murder from the brigantine, frequently repeated. The words, loud and distinct at first, grew fainter afterwards.”

"Don't go to sleep, skipper, if you can't sleep without snoring," said Andrews, interrupting his story, and revoking his previous request that he might go to sleep.

"I am not going to sleep," replied Claremont; "but don't make the case more horrible than Ben made it to you."

"I ain't doing so," resumed Andrews.

"Ben, feeling that something serious must be going on, started from where he lay, listened for a moment, and then rushed down the companion stairs to rouse the mate, who had gone to bed for the night; but that functionary had been accustomed to hear cries of murder, which had ended like those of wolf, wolf, in the fable, and therefore he was not at all disposed to turn out of bed after he had fairly turned in for the night. Perhaps that was not surprising," continued Andrews; "but as the cries burst forth again, and this time so piercing that they were heard in his cabin, the mate was not long in getting on deck, and he and Ben were soon on their way to the American schooner in the jolly-boat of the Amity.

“ As they approached, they could see the figure of a man standing in the fore-chains, but somewhat indistinctly, as that side of the American was shaded from the light of the moon. The figure evidently awaited their approach, but in deep silence.

“ ‘Avast pulling,’ whispered Ben to the mate; ‘there’s a man in the fore-chains, and he looks as if he had a long knife in his hand. Sheer off, and let us make certain, before we go in too close.’ It was the case; there indeed the figure stood, but more like a statue, and in silence, the left hand grasping the lanyards of the fore-rigging, while the right outstretched, held firmly the long knife, pointing it towards them in a very menacing attitude.

“ There was no movement of any kind on board, so that the man in the fore-chains had evidently undisputed possession of the brigantine. Ben, by standing on the thwarts of the boat, could see over the whole of the deck, on which the moon by this time shone, but there was nobody upon it. Faint lights shone from the cabin skylight, and from a



lantern that stood on the side seat of the companion hatch. No sound, however, either on deck or below could be heard, save the ceaseless lap and ripple of the sea washing against the bows of the schooner, which only rendered the silence on board more striking and solemn.

“ ‘Bad work, I fear,’ whispered the mate ; ‘there’s something wrong—very far wrong—been going on here ; that fellow has been at work with his knife, and we must get on board, Ben : let’s try the other side ;’ but no sooner had they rowed round, than the same figure, in a similar attitude, silently awaited their approach. They hailed the schooner, but in vain ; there was no response—not a move. They then made an attempt to reach the deck by the main-chains and gangway ; they next endeavoured to get on board over her low stern ; but the figure shifted its position to each of these places, and stood grasping the knife, ready to attack any person who made the attempt. An effort to enter by one of the cabin windows was equally unsuccessful ; the figure was



there before them, standing in the centre of the small cabin. When they reached the bows, this ghastly spectre, with uplifted arm, stood between the bit-heads, peering over the fore-stay, without uttering a word. They returned once more to the place where they had at first seen the figure, but it was there before them, standing in the fore-chains again, and in the same silent and menacing attitude.

“ ‘Surely,’ said Ben, ‘two of us can manage one man ; you take the oar and scull, whilst I see if I cannot bring him on his beam-ends with this,’ grasping, as he spoke, a long billet of wood, which lay at the bottom of the boat. The mate did as he was told, and sheered the boat rapidly under the fore-chains, whilst Ben, with a well-directed blow, brought the mysterious object down with a crash into the bottom of the jolly-boat.

“ ‘Drop your oar,’ cried Ben to the mate, ‘and fasten him with this rope, whilst I secure the knife.’ The single blow from Ben’s brawny arm had however so thoroughly



stunned the object of their fear, as to render him for the moment too insensible to offer any resistance ; and two or three turns of the rope round his arm and body, soon secured him fast enough where he lay. He was thus rendered powerless for mischief.

“ Having thus secured the fellow effectually in the boat, which they moored alongside, they proceeded cautiously on deck. Everything at first appeared to be in order ; the whole of the hatches were closed, with the exception of the cabin companion, by the side of which stood the small lantern, with the candle still burning. Its light, however, revealed a large patch of wet blood upon the deck, under the shade between the companion and after skylight, and confirmed Ben’s fears that something very serious had taken place.

“ Increased caution became therefore necessary, and before venturing down stairs, they took the precaution to open the skylight, and see, as well as inquire, if there was any person in the cabin. After repeated calls, a masculine voice, but trembling with emotion, inquiringly responded—‘ Where is he?’



“ ‘ Who ? ’ asked Ben.

“ ‘ The Spaniard,’ said the same voice— ‘ the man with the knife—the villain ! ’ he continued, in broken sentences, and opening one of the state-room doors as he spoke, he rushed wildly into the cabin, with one hand holding a handkerchief to his forehead, from which the blood flowed very freely.

“ When Ben reached the cabin, the wounded man had fallen on the floor in a faint, where he lay insensible for a few minutes. He was the mate of the schooner. Though not more than twenty years of age, he was a muscular and spirited young man, and soon recovered sufficiently to be able to give an outline of what had taken place.

“ It appeared,” continued Andrews, “ that it was he who had raised the cry of murder, as he struggled with the assassin. By a powerful effort, he had relieved himself from the murderer’s grasp, and thus escaped to his state-room, but very much injured.

“ The poor fellow, however, seemed more anxious about the fate of others than his own, and inquired if Ben had been to the

forecastle. 'If not, lose no time,' he said. 'Never mind me—go forward ; I fear something awful has been going on there. It is like a dream—a terrible dream, and all the work of a few minutes. I was sitting up there,' he continued, pointing to the seat by the side of the skylight, 'when the Spaniard, who is one of the crew, came aft. I suspected no harm, and paid no attention to him until nearly too late. On a sudden, he drew a knife from his belt, and the next instant made a plunge with it at my chest. I stooped, and received the blow on the side of my head. For a minute, we had a terrible struggle. With me, it was a struggle for life ; but it is hard to say how it would have ended, if the noise of lowering your boat and pulling towards us had not distracted his attention, and enabled me to escape below. But,' added the young man, 'there must have been sad work forward, or some of the crew would have been aft long before this : pray go forward to the forecastle, and never mind me. I'll get on, now that you have bound up my wound.'



“ Ben was soon on his way forward, grasping firmly, in case of surprise, with one hand, the billet of wood with which he had brought down the Spaniard, and holding in the other the small lantern. ‘ Though he had a stout heart, he told me,’ continued Andrews, “ that he shuddered when he drew back the fore-castle hatch, which shut with a slide. The silence was ominous. He felt that something appalling would present itself; and it proved so. A lamp, suspended from one of the beams, lighted up the fore-castle, and showed the deck besmeared with blood. At the foot of the ladder lay a man in the last agonies of death, with his bowels completely ripped open. He had evidently fallen from his hammock, in which he had been butchered. The wounded man cast an imploring look upwards, and fell, with a stifled groan, lifeless on the deck, on which his elbow had rested for a moment when the hatch cover had been drawn aside.

Receiving no answer to his repeated calls, Ben resolved, come what might, to descend. The fore-castle was small and clean, except on



that portion of its deck where the murdered man lay. Three hammocks hung on the starboard side, and three on the port. The former were empty, and the others contained men, who apparently were sound asleep—but it was the long, last sleep. One man lay with the blood still flowing from his neck, quite insensible; he had received a fearful gash across his throat.

“In the next hammock lay another victim, also quite dead. One stab to the heart, from which the blood oozed, had killed him; and the next contained a youth, who had evidently met his fate without the slightest death-struggle.

“In the lower deck of the forecabin, a small scuttle led to the coal-hole. It was open. Ben held the lantern, whilst the mate of the *Amity*, who had by this time joined him, went below. Crouched in a corner, and half-buried amongst the coals, a little boy, ten or twelve years of age, lay concealed; and he, alas! was the only one on board who had escaped the assassin's fury. The noise and confusion occasioned by the conflict be-



tween the murdered man who had fallen from his hammock, and the Spaniard, had wakened the boy, who sought refuge below, and thus had escaped the fate of his ship-mates.

“ ‘ Ah ! ’ said Yankee Ben,” continued Andrews, after he had finished his horrible yarn, “ ‘ you have often asked me why I never take grog. You will not wonder now, when I tell you that grog was the sole cause of all these murders.’ That portion of the crew of the schooner who lived in the fore-castle, consisted of five men and a boy. These men had been on shore on leave. As sailors often do on such occasions, they had taken a drop too much, and had quarrelled amongst themselves. A quarrel also ensued when they came on board. Four of them were Americans ; the other, the Spaniard, who had been somewhat roughly used by them, having had the worst of the scuffle on board. It must, however, have been a very trifling affair ; for everything was quiet before eight o’clock, and their differences had apparently been made up when they went to bed.



By nine o'clock they were in bed, and sound asleep, with the exception of the Spaniard, who sat sullenly on deck by himself, brooding over the usage he had received, and instigated by drink to have his revenge. Grog and the devil combined got the better of him ; for he stealthily slipped below, and when he found his shipmates were all sound asleep—very sound, I fear, with the drink they had taken,—he murdered them as they lay in their hammocks. They must all have been too far gone to offer any effectual resistance, or any resistance at all, except the last man, who, in the struggle, had fallen from his hammock. In his frenzy, the Spaniard then attacked the mate ; and if he had been indulging in drink like the crew, he no doubt would have been likewise murdered, before Ben and the mate of the *Amity* reached the brigantine.

“The master, who had been on shore, was immediately sent for, and came on board soon afterwards with the American consul and the police authorities, who took the Spaniard to prison, and in due course of time hanged him as he deserved.”



"Ah!" said Claremont, turning to Andrews, when he concluded, "if these murders produced the effect on Ben you name, and as they did upon Tom Horner, they do not seem to have induced you to give up Bass's bitter;" of which Andrews had swallowed almost a bottle at a draught, when he had finished the yarn. He could venture to say so without the chance of retort; for up to that time, and for many years afterwards, he himself had never tasted any drink stronger than water.

Nothing of consequence happened on their return to Bushire. Claremont, in spite of the laudations showered upon him for his daring horsemanship during the first day's antelope hunt, knew his failings; and without revealing them, preferred the more steady and faithful mule to any of the horses offered for his use, and therefore made the journey back in the mode he had come. On his return to Bushire, he parted company with his soldier friends. Morrier and Andrews he never met again; the former soon afterwards fell a victim to fever, and the latter



fell mortally wounded in the Affghanistan war. Rix also was wounded in that war, but recovered, and remained in the army till he reached the rank of major, when he retired, and settled, with his wife and a large family, upon a small estate in Scotland which he inherited from his father.

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CHAPTER XI.

ON his return to Bushire, Claremont found everything in order on board of the Emblem; but his consignee, who proved himself to be an accomplished rogue, had made very little progress in the engagement of cargo for the ship. As there were however fair prospects of obtaining, as he had previously represented, a large amount of specie on freight, besides other cargo, Claremont decided, at the request of various shippers, to postpone his departure for ten days beyond the time that had been originally named.

He was not disappointed so far as regards the amount of treasure, though he found out that his Armenian consignee had made a



bargain with the merchants to be paid at one rate of freight, whilst the ship was to be paid at another and much lower rate ; and it also afterwards transpired that in various other matters he had taken care to provide for allowances to himself by a mode of dealing not recognised in any country by commercial men of honour and honesty ; but it was a rare thing for him to have an English ship under his charge. He therefore, I dare say, felt it only due to himself to get as much as he could out of her ; and the amount of specie going forward afforded an unusual opportunity, not likely to occur again of enriching himself. The country around continued in a very disturbed state. There were rumours of the war which subsequently broke out in Affghanistan, resulting in such disastrous consequences to our troops ; and as fears were entertained by the land-owners and merchants of Persia that hostilities might extend eastwards to Bushire and the neighbouring provinces, they were anxious to transfer their treasure to a place of safety in Bombay. The Emblem, the only English

merchantman in the gulf, offered an exceedingly favourable opportunity for accomplishing their object, and they availed themselves of it. Much of the treasure had been hoarded in Bushire, but there was also a good deal which came from the interior.

From the disturbed state of the country, the treasure had to be collected secretly at certain towns in parcels, and from thence conveyed under an escort of soldiers to Bushire. It was no part of Claremont's duty to see it on board of his ship, much less to aid in its conveyance thither. Being however desirous of knowing a little more of the interior, he on one occasion accompanied one of those escorts, consisting of eight men, under charge of an ensign, who had been despatched to a place about nine miles beyond the fortifications of Bushire, where a considerable quantity had been collected, and waited shipment.

The expedition proved much more hazardous than he or any one else had anticipated. If he had dreamt of danger, I dare say he would have remained at home, for he was



not given to adventure for its perils; nor was there the slightest reason to suppose an attack upon armed men, as no such attempt had previously been made. At the time of the attack, they were within a mile of Bushire, on their return. The sun had set, but a strong twilight, and the moon in her first quarter, lighted up the evening, and rendered the walk home very charming. Claremont, dressed in a white cotton coat, which buttoned close over his chest, carried in its side pocket a small double-barrel pistol, loaded and capped. It had been the custom to do so, and he followed it, but without any fear of personal danger.

The treasure consisted of gold and silver coins, packed in canvass bags, with, in some cases, an outer covering of skin, bearing the private mark of its owner. Each soldier had a couple of these bags slung across his shoulder, while marching in double line, with their officer by their side. In parts, the pathway amongst the brushwood was however so narrow, that they had occasionally to go in single file. Claremont accompanied



the officer, who spoke a little English, walking by his side, except when the narrowness of the road obliged one of them to move on in advance.

The country between Bushire and the town where the specie had been collected, was almost destitute of houses. Those persons who were not fortunate enough to be within the walled and fortified towns, resided as much together as possible, and in sufficient numbers to overpower the hordes of marauders which then infested that part of the country, and who had become as daring in their raids, as they had always been troublesome.

In the vicinity of Bushire the land is generally very sterile and sandy. Here and there, clumps of thick jungle or brushwood grow on either side of the rough and undulating pathway. Roads there were none, and even the footpaths at that time, in some parts, could not easily be traced amongst the jungle. Within a mile of the fortifications of Bushire—fortified only in name, for in reality they were in ruins,—

this almost unbeaten track had been formed through various small valleys, and between hillocks covered with tall brushwood and a few stunted trees.

The marauders were not natives of Persia, but a savage, barbarous race, of African descent, who had only a few years before found their way to the neighbourhood of Bushire. Ostensibly living by the rearing of cattle, and other pastoral pursuits, which in themselves could only have afforded a very bare existence, their chief occupation was really plunder, whenever an opportunity afforded profitable scope to their pilfering propensities. During the previous twelve months, they had exhibited an amount of daring and audacity which struck terror into the peaceable inhabitants; but hitherto, they had not been known to attack armed soldiers, arising, I dare say, from the fact that sufficient temptation had not been placed within their reach.

On this occasion, however, the prize would have been an unusually valuable one; but still, as I have stated, no real danger had



been apprehended; and Claremont having no thought of any, enjoyed his cigar in the cool of the evening, glad that the journey drew to a close, as it had been much more fatiguing than he had anticipated.

But there is often most danger when least expected. It proved so in this instance. Without the slightest warning, there arose a very unearthly yell. It came from the jungle, and within a few yards of their pathway. To him it was strange and mysterious. Not so to the native soldiers, who instantly throwing down the bags of specie into a heap, formed as close round it as the narrow space would admit, and prepared their matchlocks for immediate action. The cause soon became too apparent. The jungle at this part extended a considerable distance on either side, amply sufficient to afford cover to a large body of men.

An instant afterwards, a man, half-naked and of gigantic stature, sprang from the jungle right into the pathway, and stood before them on the rising ground which intervened. He had the look of a terrible desperado, and from



the ease with which he handled and flourished over his head a heavy curved sword, was evidently of corresponding muscular power.

Claremont, who at the time walked a little ahead of the soldiers, when he saw the savage emerging from the wood, retraced the step he had just taken in advance. It was well he did so. Had he not, the marauder, who had aimed a blow at his left shoulder, would inevitably have cut him down. Happily the blow fell short of its deadly aim ; but the sharp point of the sabre laid open his light coat, inflicting a severe, but not dangerous flesh wound across his breast, from which the blood flowed freely.

He had a very narrow escape. Another half foot in advance, and he would have been a dead man ; but he at once felt that the cut, though smart, was not fatal, and that no bone had been broken. He had drawn his pistol the instant the marauder sprung from the jungle, but had not had time to use it before the sabre struck him. The savage at once saw that the blow had not been fatal as he had intended, and that Claremont re-



tained sufficient power to handle the pistol, which he steadily aimed at him. Mercy was out of the question ; the savage felt so ; the sabre fell from his hand, and with the wildest and most harrowing look of despair, he threw his arms in the air, and fell to the ground the instant the pistol was fired.

A minute or two of great suspense followed. The man who had fallen—evidently the leader of the banditti,—if not mortally wounded, had been rendered helpless; but it was impossible to conjecture the number of his followers, or what course they might pursue. That their number was considerable there could be very little doubt, from the rush heard and the extent of the motion amongst the jungle when their leader fell.

Though it appeared as if a body of men were rushing away from the spot where the attack had been made, it was deemed advisable not to pursue. The safety of the treasure became the first object to consider, when the immediate danger to life was over; and the native officer felt so anxious to get away with it and his men, that he would not



remain even long enough to ascertain whether the man who had been shot was dead or alive, but made all possible speed towards Bushire, where the escort arrived in less than half an hour after the encounter.

When the treasure had been secured in the house of the Armenian consignee, the native officer reported to head-quarters what had taken place, and a troop of soldiers was at once despatched in search of the robbers; but no trace of them could be found, and their chief, dead or alive, had been carried away from the spot where he had fallen. The whole affair created a day's talk in Bushire—nothing more; and so little effort was made to discover the marauders, that if there had been more treasure on its way on the following evening, I dare say they would have been at the old, or some equally favourable spot, ready to attempt its capture.

Claremont's wound, though very painful, proved to be a clean cut, and in no way dangerous. Washed and dressed, on his arrival, by a native surgeon who attended him at the house of the Armenian consignee, it soon



healed, and did not confine him to bed for more than two days, though the mark of the sabre remained on his chest for many years. Horace, when he heard of the accident which had befallen his master, came on shore to attend upon him; and through his assiduity the room in the Armenian's house, none of the best, was soon made very comfortable.

The anchorage-ground where the Emblem lay being fully four miles from Bushire, he and Horace made arrangements for quarters on shore, so long as their vessel remained in port; and as no better could be found, the Armenian said that "Capitan" Claremont might occupy his house, and give him what present he pleased when he left, which meant that he would expect double what his rooms were worth. A definite sum was however agreed upon for a term of fourteen days, with a proviso, that should the Emblem be detained beyond that time, they were to occupy the apartments without any extra charge; and that if he got her away before, he should still be allowed pay for the period named. But unfortunately that small bribe



did not expedite her loading; and had Claremont not remained constantly on shore, so as to bully the Armenian every morning, or coax the merchants to send their goods on board, the Emblem might have been detained another month beyond the time that had been fixed for her despatch.

The Armenian's house was a spacious, but dingy abode—wretchedly furnished, and destitute in itself of almost everything which an Englishman would consider necessary for his comfort. Horace, however, one way or another, soon furnished the room they occupied with everything that Claremont required; and in the course of a week he was able to attend to his duties out of doors. But minor troubles grew upon him with his strength; and the duplicity and rascality of his consignee, combined with the thieving propensities of the servants in the house, were sources of constant annoyance. The fellows seemed to have an idea, that being an inmate of their master's house, he consequently became a legitimate object, not for their protection, but for plunder; and though



Horace frequently thrashed them in a very unmerciful manner for stealing, the old Armenian winked and actually laughed at their failings.

The house, like all others in Persia, was flat-roofed, surrounded by a parapet wall three feet in height. Here Claremont, when he had nothing else to do, frequently spent an hour or two, as from it a fine view could be obtained of the city and the vessels in the harbour, and of the Emblem at anchor in the bay. The adjoining building also afforded attractions, for it was a mosque, with an open square, where, in fine weather, the mahomedans assembled every morning for prayers. The Armenian, by the way, used to make it his boast, that he was not a mahomedan "like those rascals over the wall," but a christian, like Claremont himself; and whenever he attempted to cheat or overreach him, which he very often did, he invariably commenced operations by a recital of that important fact.

"You know, Mr. Capitan," he would say, "I am, like you, a christian; and christians



have all one mind, and do no wrong." Any preface of this sort was sure to lead to an attempt at roguery. Either he had some article for sale at double or treble its value, or some document for the "capitan" to sign, which would enable him to cheat somebody else, when he introduced the subject with the intimation that he was a christian. But though an earnest, professing christian, he never himself attended or performed any christian worship. He was, however, loud in his scoffings against the every-day worshippers of the prophet, who, he said, attended mosque to get their coffee, and smoke; and whose forms of worship, I may add, if we may judge from the scene at Bushire, were certainly such as should have induced professing christians at home, if the custom prevailed amongst ourselves, to assemble in their churches and chapels in greater numbers than they frequently do. In the open square of the mosque, which was surrounded by a piazza, the mahomedans took their places every morning at eight o'clock. Beneath this piazza the wealthier classes were seated,



cross-legged, upon matting provided for their use, while the humbler occupied the open square, and in their midst stood the pulpit, whence the priest addressed his hearers, much after the style of our own clergymen.

During the service, hookahs were distributed amongst the chief members of the congregation, and small cups of coffee. Altogether it was an exceedingly comfortable mode of worship, and if such be the practice in all mahomedan churches, and on all occasions, they are, no doubt, always very well filled. Perhaps, in these days, when so many attractions are offered in some of our own English churches, the addition of coffee and cigars might turn the scale where a strong contest for supremacy is found to exist, and especially where the "high" and "low" party is pretty equally balanced.

In such a place as Bushire, Claremont found the time hang heavily on his hands. Two hours in each day sufficed for the business of the ship, and other two hours might be said to be employed advantageously in watching the Armenian, and checking him



in his various cheating propensities. With neither books nor newspapers to read, lounging about the streets completed the duties or pleasures of the day; but in such a place as Bushire it was not an interesting occupation, for though the town contained 20,000 inhabitants, no place could be duller or more uninteresting. Many of the principal houses were rapidly falling to decay, and everything about it had a gloomy appearance. The streets were very irregular, dirty, and narrow—so narrow, that a mule, with its water-skins slung on either side, could in many places only with difficulty find a passage. The windows of the houses faced the inner court, and in most instances a dead wall with a few loophole openings in it was all that presented itself to the stranger. There were no places of amusement of any kind; and Claremont was heartily glad when, having shipped all the treasure and other cargo he could obtain, he set sail for Bombay.

The treasure he had on board, calculated at the rates specified in the bills of lading,



amounted to no less a sum than £200,000, or thereabouts, in gold and silver coins. These were packed in strong canvass bags, occasionally with an outer covering of skin. Each package had the private marks of the shipper and the consignee upon it, together with the number of shahs or other coin it was represented to contain. Claremont however discovered, on his passage to Bombay, that the bags really contained a much greater amount of coin than was specified in writing either on the package itself, or in its corresponding bills of lading. The freight upon the treasure being a per-centage, payable upon the declared value, the shippers had stipulated that he should sign the bills of lading without the usual clause, "value and contents unknown." Now, the rascally Persians, with whom his Armenian and "christian" consignee had without doubt been in league, in order to defraud the ship of the per-centage due upon the actual value to which her owners were entitled, had inserted (as accidentally discovered) in the bills of lading a much less sum than the bags contained.



For the reception of the specie, a secure place had been built in the state-room adjoining Claremont's cabin, the keys of which he retained in his own possession. The friction caused by the motion of the ship, had on the passage worn a hole in the canvass of one of the bags, and some of the loose coins had fallen out. The contents marked upon the bag were said to be 2000 shahs, and the bill of lading corresponded with that amount. Having caused a fresh bag to be made, he, with the assistance of Horace, counted the coins to ascertain whether the amount was correct; but, to their astonishment, they found that the bag had actually contained no less than 2890 shahs!! Claremont was at a loss what to do. Not so Horace.

"Make other small bag," he at once suggested, "and put de 890 into it; dey belong to you, massa," he said, smiling and chuckling as he spoke; "de great rogues cheat you, ebery ting beyond 2000 got no owner. Nobody hab it, 'cause nobody ship it, and derfore nobody can claim it."



Horace had been watching the Armenian and his friends at Bushire, and consequently was far less surprised at the discovery than either Claremont or his two mates, and Tom Horner, all of whom had been called into the cabin, to consider what should be done under circumstances so extraordinary. The bills of lading were examined. They were all worded the same. They were very distinct, and ran thus:—

I copy from one before me.

“Shipped in good order, and well conditioned, by Hajee Ally Hamerjee, in and upon the good ship Emblem, whereof is master for the present voyage, Richard Claremont, and now riding at anchor in the roads of Bushire, and bound for Bombay, one bundle of treasure, *valued and containing* 2000 shahs.....to be delivered to..... he or they paying freight at the rate of one per cent. on each one hundred shahs.....In witness whereof,” &c. &c.

After considering this matter in all its bearings, the council came to the opinion that the 890 shahs were the property of



Captain Claremont, or the owners of the Emblem; but Claremont himself, though he would have been very glad to put the construction upon it which his council had unanimously arrived at, felt that though the shippers of the treasure had cheated, or made an attempt to cheat him, it should not afford a reason to justify him in taking that which, even if it could not be claimed by them, certainly did not belong to him. Although not bound by his engagement to deliver more than 2000 shahs, yet whatever might be the case in law, it was clear to him that in equity, or in common honesty, the extra 890 shahs which were found in the bag did not belong to him.

After the discovery which had been made, he thought, however, that he should be quite justified in opening another bag, and in fact in opening the whole of them, to discover if the number of coins stated in the bills of lading, on which he was to be paid his freight, proved correct. A bag was therefore taken promiscuously from the state-room, and its corresponding bill of lading examined.



amined, it was found to contain 5250!! The council were now more convinced than ever of the justice and righteousness of the conclusion at which they had arrived ; but Claremont's convictions remained unchanged. It was clear that there had been an organized plan to defraud him of his freight, and from what Horace had seen, and from what he himself suspected, the chief rogue was no doubt the Armenian consignee, though the shippers must have been parties to the fraud; but their roguery afforded no pretext for him to appropriate the surplus.

On the arrival of the Emblem at Bombay, the important discovery which had been made was at once communicated to the members of the English firm to whom his ship had been addressed. Those gentlemen agreed with the conclusions at which the two mates and Tom Horner and Horace had arrived, and recommended that a legal opinion

should be taken, before the delivery of any portion of the treasure to its various consignees. Claremont however held, that though given in his favour, he could not, however strong the temptation, take that which certainly did not belong to him. Considering the unusual terms of the agreement on which the treasure had been shipped, the surplus might not have any other legal owner; but he resolved not to deviate, even to secure a handsome fortune, from the strict principles of justice, for he was clearly not the owner of any portion of the specie; and even if it could have been shown that its owners had, in devising a plan to defraud him of his freight, relinquished all claim to any share beyond the number specified in the bill of lading, still these surplus shahs were not in equity his property. He therefore decided to deliver to the holders of each bill of lading the whole of the contents of the bags, upon payment by them of the stipulated freight on every shah the bag contained beyond the sum specified; consequently the bags were opened, and the contents counted



in the presence of the consignees, which resulted in the discovery, that he had on board upwards of £50,000 sterling more than the bags were represented to contain!!

Horace, who had often peeped behind the scenes at Bushire, never could understand his master's sense of "ober-honesty," especially with such "berry big rogues;" and, privileged to be very familiar with his master, he would, whenever the subject was mooted, say, when no one else heard him—" Oh, massa, you neber hab de same chance to make such a fortune again. And what would Missee Catherine Stanley say, when she heard massa had more dan £50,000 all his own—no go to sea again, buy great estate in country, hab carriages, hab neber so many fine things, and hab Missee Catherine for a wife—and so you put all dat away, 300,000 dollars!! to gib de money to de d——d rascals."

However, no amount of reasoning or temptation, either on the part of his faithful Horace or on the part of anybody else, could reason him into the belief that the perpetra-

tion of wrong on the part of others towards himself would justify him in doing wrong, or that the surplus coins became his property by their fraudulent acts.

CHAPTER XII.

ON the return of the Emblem to Bombay, freights for England had very much improved, and were fully fifty per. cent. higher than when Claremont sailed on the intermediate voyage to the Persian gulf; he consequently laid the ship on for a cargo of cotton and seeds to Liverpool.

From the time that he left Seahome to push his fortune at sea, he had led a life, as this narrative shows, of great labour, hardship, and anxiety. One thought, and it might be said one thought alone, during all that time had occupied his attention. Almost everything else had become subservient to his ambition. Although at first instigated by the tyranny which McCallum and his boatswain

had exercised over him, and by the hope of some day becoming the boatswain's superior and tyrannizing over him in turn, his ambition was afterwards prompted by the usual laudable motives to rise in the world, combined with the selfish, but very natural one, of being independent. This one idea to rise in the world occupied all his thoughts. Another world had very little concern for him. When a sea-boy, he went to the church on shore with Tom Horner, and when at sea, Tom, who was really a sincere christian, had occasionally introduced the subject, but ceased to do so when Claremont became his superior. When he reached the position of second mate, he yearned to become captain, and from that to be something better and higher—for there seems no end to ambition; and though he continued to observe, as many others do, the outward forms of christianity, he never seriously thought about religion or a future state. He loved, it is true, to mark the existence of a Great Creator, through His mighty works on shore and at sea. He observed also in private the



usual routine of the professors of christianity: every night he would mutter over some prayer that had been taught him in his childhood, and in the morning kneel through a similar form.

But these were mere formalities. In truth, he had abandoned the serious consideration of the subject of religion, and had become vain enough to question what, in its fundamental principles, he could not comprehend. Like too many persons of his age, he also thought, when he thought at all on the subject, that it would be time enough to consider these mysterious questions as he grew older. Unfortunately, in the camp of Karak he found the views of many of his companions on this subject to be very much in harmony with his own. To make matters worse, they had presented him with a copy of the two parts of Tom Paine's "Age of Reason," and his "Rights of Man." He had studied those insidious productions during the passage down the Persian gulf, and though they had not converted him to anything like an implicit belief in the absurd ideas of their author, they had sown the seeds of infidelity.

Such was the state of his mind when the Emblem sailed from Bombay. Unhappily, he had also become in many respects a petty despot. Trained in its school, he had imbibed its folly, and walked in its paths. Trod under and despised, he had in turn, when vested with the power, become the little tyrant ; and in the small kingdom of a merchant ship the master too often displays his power in a manner which would not for a single hour be tolerated anywhere else. Swearing with him had become a too common vice ; and if it had not been for the high sense of moral rectitude which governed his acts, I fear the rapid rise from sea-boy to captain, and from a state of almost abject submission to one of uncontrolled command, would have seriously retarded his subsequent prosperous career.

On the passage from Bombay to Liverpool, the Emblem encountered, off the Cape of Good Hope, very stormy weather. Up to that time the wind had been favourable ; but on approaching the banks, the barometer gave indications of a severe gale, which



broke in great fury when she drew nigh the land in the neighbourhood of Algoa bay, although considerably to the southward of it. The storm veering from S.S.E. to S.S.W., that rugged and dangerous coast was consequently under her lee, and as the gale rapidly increased, it became necessary to call all hands to further shorten sail. By degrees the canvass was reduced to double-reefed top-sails and reefed foresail, and at last the main-sail was furled, and everything made snug aloft. Even then the pressure upon the masts and yards seemed more than the ship could prudently bear; for at times she careened dreadfully to the sudden gusts as they howled and whistled through the rigging. Claremont felt that the position of the Emblem was becoming very critical.

By midnight, the gale had increased to half a hurricane, with the sky so densely overcast, that the moon was entirely shrouded, and the only light to be seen arose from the phosphorescent wave as it dashed its spray over the weather-waist, or poured in volumes through the gangway. Though



the sail upon the Emblem appeared to be greater than she could safely carry, yet with the land to leeward, he knew that his only chance of saving the ship would be to carry on so as to weather away the promontory of the Cape, by means of a very heavy pressure of canvass. To heave-to, as he should have done in almost any other case, would in his position have been certain destruction, as the Emblem would then have driven bodily on the coast. The further he reached, the nearer, it was true, he approached it; but when once round the Cape, a fair wind and a flowing sheet would reward his perseverance; and he felt certain that he had sufficient offing to weather that well-known and rugged promontory in safety, so long as he could carry double-reefed topsails, and a reefed foresail.

At three in the morning, however, the necessity arose of again calling all hands upon deck. The gale had increased, and to an extent which compelled him to close-reef the topsails. His position then became very perilous indeed. A desperate effort was



necessary to save the ship. He therefore adopted the unusual course of lashing the clews of the topsails to the lower yard-arms; and having double-tacked and sheeted the foresail, he made up his mind to carry on as long as the masts and spars stood, and the sails remained in their bolt-ropes. Having taken these extraordinary precautions, and having bent a storm-trysail, and firmly lashed it close-reefed to the mizzen mast and boom, he sent the watch below; but he arranged that until the ship did weather away the Cape, he himself would remain on deck. It was out of the question to think of reducing one yard more canvass, for her position rendered it a case of stern necessity to carry on, however fearful the pressure. Keeping his own counsel in regard to the critical position of the ship, he stationed himself on the quarter-deck, close to the weather-mizzen rigging. Here he could watch the progress of the ship and direct the helmsman, and here he resolved to remain till the danger was over, or all hope of saving the Emblem at an end.

The gale had no appearance of abatement ; indeed, it blew harder than ever, listing the ship so much over on her beam-ends during the gusts, that she made far less progress ahead than he could have wished. Occasionally the gusts were terrific ; but though the spars bent and cracked, and the rigging screeched, while the ship herself groaned under the fearful load with which she was oppressed, everything on board kept firm, and enabled her to make as much progress to the westward as under the circumstances could have been expected.

The whole of that night and the following day, the storm raged with unabated fury. Claremont never left his post. The crew were surprised that he took no rest, and no food beyond a biscuit and coffee ; but they had little idea of the critical position of affairs, nor would it have answered any good purpose to have made it known. He therefore continued to keep his own counsel, and seldom opened his lips beyond directing the man at the helm, and occasionally giving an order to secure some article upon deck,



over which the sea washed at times in large volumes. Even Horace, when he brought the coffee, did not venture upon any remarks; nor did Tom Horner, who knew no more than any other of the crew of the ship's position, except what he might have learned from the daily reckoning entered in the log-book kept by the chief officer.

The second night proved as dismal and stormy as the preceding one, only the clouds were not so dense, and at intervals afforded a glimpse of the moon, as they were driven by the gale in heavy masses across her path. That night all hands were ordered to remain on deck. He knew that somewhere between midnight and two in the morning the ship should be close to the Cape promontory, but he hoped sufficiently far to the south to clear the land without seeing it. The night was one of fearful suspense. Though wet and wearied, he felt no inclination to shut his eyes. They were rivetted to one spot; and he himself stood fixed like some statue, at the place where he had taken up his post. His spirits, however, never flagged, and his nerves never failed him.



Midnight passed ; then one and two o'clock. They were long, long hours. Three approached, and nothing was seen but the ship and the angry waves, which tossed her about so unmercifully. He then not merely hoped, but was beginning to feel certain, when four o'clock drew nigh, that the Emblem had reached to the westward of the most southerly point of the Cape promontory. As a matter of prudence, however, he still kept his course close-hauled, and resolved not to alter it till daylight, when he might obtain an observation, or heave-to for soundings. On a sudden, the moon burst forth, and gave a longer spell of light than she had done at any time throughout the night, but it revealed an appalling sight.

"Land!! Land! to leeward!!" cried one of the men, stationed on the look-out. Claremont's nerves for once shook, and his spirit for a moment quailed, but only for a moment. He made no reply, except "steady," to the helmsman, "steady as she goes," and never moved from his position. The glance of the land he had obtained from the place where

he stood was quite enough to show to him the terribly critical position of the ship and all on board of her. He saw it was indeed, as he had throughout feared, a case of life or death. The slightest quiver, and their destruction became inevitable : a rugged coast lay close—too close under their lee, on which if they once touched, in such a gale, their doom was sealed. Nearer and nearer they drew, but still the good ship, though she sagged to leeward, went ahead, though slowly—very slowly he thought, and far too slowly at such a time.

In another half hour, the Emblem was almost abreast of the projecting rocks which form the extreme southern point of the Cape, and not three hundred yards from a spot over which the waves broke with relentless fury. At that moment, the fore-tack, though doubly lashed, parted with a loud noise, and the foresail, which had split into ribbons the instant afterwards, was screeching like the hissing of a thousand scorpions in the hurricane.

Claremont thought that some one of the



crew, through mistake or carelessness, had let go the tack, and, with an oath, he sprang to the helm, seized the wheel, and threw it hard aweather. He felt, the instant the foresail split and became worthless, that his only course, the only hope of safety, lay in giving the ship full way through the water, or she would have driven broadside on the rocks. It was a bold and daring move. Had the accident happened ten minutes earlier, nothing could have saved the ship; but as it was, he saw at a glance that she should clear the breakers by the immediate action of the helm. He was not mistaken. To the unutterable delight and inexpressible relief of himself and every one on board, the Emblem at once answered the move of her wheel, and payed steadily away before the gale to the westward, and to leeward of the dreaded and dangerous promontory.

They were thrilling moments. Hope and fear followed each other in rapid succession. At last the ship was safe, and scudding before the gale. The smallest turn in the wrong direction, or the slightest hesitation on the



part of her captain, would have left her a hopeless wreck on a reef of rocks, over which the whole swell of the southern Atlantic ocean broke with tremendous force, and where there would have been no possible hope of saving life. It was only however when safe, that Claremont felt oppressed. His wearied spirit then yielded to the load that it had so long borne. He shook, he knew not why ; but yet he shook like a man whose whole nervous system had become suddenly deranged, and he felt the tears—the large warm tears—running down his cold and weather-beaten cheeks. Blood had also flowed from his lips ; for during those hours of intense anxiety, whilst he stood on the quarter-deck watching the progress of the ship, he had unconsciously bitten them.

The Emblem, now running before the wind, had the whole range of the Atlantic ocean under her lee, and consequently there was nothing which required Claremont's attention any longer upon deck. Leaving directions with the mate to shake out a reef from the topsails, and bend another foresail in the



place of the one which had been blown away, he went below to his little state-room, where he had not been for the two preceding nights. Horace must have seen something very unusual about his master, for he looked at him very hard in the face as he entered the cabin. Nor was that surprising. In the lamp which hung from the bulk-head in his small apartment the light dimly burned. The heavy lurching and pitching of the vessel had completely deranged the few articles of its furniture, and the spray and wash of the sea over the decks, a portion of which had found its way down the companion and through the broken skylight into his cabin, slopped backwards and forwards on the floor, and gave everything about him a most comfortless and miserable appearance. A small looking-glass hung from a nail close to the lamp. He looked into it, but instantly withdrew, with a shudder, from his own image. It was not surprising that Horace had been struck dumb by his master's appearance ; for the blood from his lips had run down his chin, and saturated his shirt-collar, partially



staining the small portion of the front that had been exposed ; his beard unshaven, rough, and dirty ; his hair uncombed, and its curls matted in lumps on his head and forehead. The spray of the sea had whitened his rough, blue over-coat, and its salt scales were congealed on his face. The warm tears which had trickled from his eyes when the danger had been overcome, had formed furrows through the brine indurated on his cheeks, and he looked wrinkled and shrivelled like an old man. His eyes were swollen and blood-shot, as if ready to start from their sockets, and his appearance altogether so hideous, that he withdrew with a shudder from the looking-glass. Mentally, he felt still more prostrated. If there is a God—if there is an eternity, what, he thought, must have been his doom, had the ship been dashed upon those rocks she had so miraculously escaped ? Reason and conscience whispered the reply. Unconsciously, he dropped upon his knees, and his head sank down upon the sea-chest which stood at the end of the little cabin. But this prostration



could not have been in prayer, for he did not pray. He must however have remained for some time in that attitude, for when he rose he was cold and stiff. Mechanically throwing off his upper clothing, he flung himself into bed, overwhelmed with the fatigue of mind and body to which he had been so long subjected. In an instant he was asleep, and did not waken till close upon noon.

But Claremont arose an altered man. He had had a terrible dream—more terrible while it lasted than the real ordeal through which he had safely passed. When he wakened from it, the sun shone full in his face through the bull's-eye scuttle in his little cabin ; his dream had been long, and awfully harrassing. The Emblem had been wrecked, and he himself had become, he thought, in turn the plaything of the gale, after his ship had been dashed to fragments. In the midst of the deepest and darkest gloom, yet with a vivid light playing upon his eyelids, he thought he heard around him savage yells from myriads of doomed beings, who, like himself, were tossed about by the



wild and fearfully-troubled waters, and made the sport of the waves, as they lashed against the broken fragments of his once strong ship, and hurled him and them from rock to rock, as if neither land nor ocean would have anything to do with them.

What a relief !

What a happy change, when roused from such imaginings, he realized the dangers which for two long weary nights and days had threatened his destruction, and from which he had escaped. The sun was shining brilliantly when he awoke, and the wind, though fresh, continued fair. The Emblem, under full sail, was going at the rate of nearly ten knots an hour. The carpenter had patched up, as best he could with the limited materials at his disposal, the broken bulwarks ; the decks had been washed, and everything was in its place, and in order. There therefore remained little or nothing for him to do after he had taken the meridian altitude of the sun, ascertained the exact position of the ship, and shaped her course for the next twenty-four hours.

With so little requiring his attention, Claremont's thoughts reverted seriously to the events of the preceding two or three days. He had naturally a strong will, and an argumentative turn of mind, and he said to himself—"Let me ascertain, if I can, whether the God exists which some men deny, and if there really is no difference, so far as a hereafter is concerned, between man and the brute creation, as Tom Paine, by his writings, gives us to understand." He felt himself to be quite as competent to arrive at a conclusion in regard to these matters as the author of the "Age of Reason" and the "Rights of Man;" and therefore concentrated the whole power of his faculties upon that all-important subject, just as a man would do who had determined to solve a difficult mathematical problem. But this was the problem of his own existence, not merely here, which by the way has at times been doubted, but it was the problem of the probability of his existence hereafter, and required all his thoughts.

"I live," he said to himself; "I *know* I live now, and if a spirit now lives, which, so

far as my knowledge extends, never lived before, why may it not live again, or continue to live, though clothed in another form, throughout all time and all eternity too? Convinced of our existence here, why should we doubt, and venture in the face of the revelations which have been made to us, apart altogether from our own reason, to deny its existence hereafter? If we cannot refute the belief, is it not our duty," he reasoned with himself, "considering the vast importance of the subject, to accept it as a great truth, especially when we see around us so many evidences in support of its eternal existence?"

The theory, as raised by Paine and other infidels, that man after all was but an animal of the higher order of the brute creation, seemed to Claremont on reflection to be not merely a very churlish and ignoble conception, but a very absurd one. Man can speak, and reason, and think : beasts are incapable of either. Man can design, plan, and execute of his own act and volition ; he can calculate the distance between the sun and the



earth, and the moon and the stars, and through a process of trigonometrical comparison with the ascertained motions of our own planet, can fix his exact position at any time on the ocean : beasts of the highest capacity are utterly incapable of any such mental efforts. He therefore soon rejected the degrading thought, that any sentient being in the animal world could approach, even in the most remote degree, the high intellectual attributes of man.

Then, in regard to man in his relation to a future state, it required no great train of reasoning to be convinced that a Great Creator had made nothing in vain ; that all things were designed for a purpose ; that all were destined for some especial end ; and that, therefore, if such was the case with the meanest objects of creation, he naturally felt that man, who is so far exalted above all created things, could not have been made to perish like the dog, and at his death be entirely annihilated. Such a total extinction of by far the greatest and noblest of all God's works was an idea so contrary to



OF SCIENCE, AND EVEN MORE UNPOPULARLY OF CONSIDERATION than the ingenious notion of the philosopher, who said that life was a dream, and that man had no existence apart from his own ideas.

Such was briefly the train of thoughts which passed through Claremont's mind. His narrow escape from an appalling death had roused him to examine and judge for himself in regard to the great truths of the christian religion : from that time his belief has been strong in the first and great fundamental principles of christianity, and no amount of logic could convince him that Tom Paine was right in any one of the axioms laid down in his infidel writings. Indeed, a more careful study of these works led him to feel that the creed of the infidel is a thousand times more difficult of belief than that of the christian.

CHAPTER XIII.

A SUCCESSION of charming weather followed the gales which the Emblem had encountered off the Cape of Good Hope. But, perhaps, in no part of the world can a more pleasant climate be found than within the limits of the south-east trade winds : when these are reached, the homeward passage towards St. Helena is, in nine instances out of ten, a most agreeable one. It proved more than usually so to Claremont in this instance. Beyond the pleasant change in the weather, and the relief from the danger of a rugged coast, he had relieved his mind from a weight of doubt in regard to a future state. But from these convictions his ever active and restless mind wandered,



during this part of the voyage, into the regions of fancy. One evening, as he lay upon the cabin skylight, he felt led away to the consideration of things in which he had no concern, and subjects beyond his power to determine. The clear, blue sky, and the stars which shone so brightly, had however carried him in imagination to other worlds. Pondering over the scene above and around him, as thousands of people have done before him, he said to himself—"These stars must be as Newton described them, or otherwise all my calculations to ascertain the position of the Emblem would be erroneous ; and they must also revolve in the relative distances which he has demonstrated. In magnitude as great, and in many cases far greater than even our planet, and formed no doubt of somewhat similar component parts to the earth on which we live, they must necessarily be of more or less the same solidity and density, or otherwise they would not retain their respective positions in the heavenly sphere. They have also, I dare say, their seasons of spring, summer, autumn, and winter, and as

I have seen that the meanest, and apparently the most worthless objects of creation are not made in vain, the creator of such stupendous works must have had some vast and mighty object in view, when he formed these countless worlds.

“ Now,” he continued, reasoning and communing with himself, “ six thousand years, or thereabouts, have come and gone since the mighty flood, as we are told, swept all living things from this earth, except the occupants of that one great ship, the ark. Since then, myriads of people, consisting of very many generations, have come and gone from the face of it ; may not these stars,” he asked himself, “ be the prepared abodes for these multitudinous generations as they pass away to other worlds ? What more likely, when everything is created for a purpose ? ”

Such was Claremont's train of reasoning on these mysterious things. Futile and vain it may have been, but it had its charms to one who had satisfied himself in regard to the great truths of christianity. Successive ages roll on in progress to eternity ; countless



myriads of human beings constantly pass away from their brief existence on this planet ; numerous other worlds must be prepared to receive and contain them ; and as the stars enjoy their seasons, and are indeed worlds like our own, and as nothing has been created in vain, is it absurd or unlikely, when almost everything is subservient to the purposes of man, to suppose that those stars are destined for his abode hereafter, from which in his changed form, and perhaps with omniscient faculties, he can look down upon those on earth who were once near and dear to him ?

But from these questions of fancy, however interesting and pleasing, Claremont reverted to the works of the atheist, and the more he examined them, and compared them with the "Evidences" of Paley, one of the few works of any value he had in his small library, the more was he convinced that Tom Paine, with his "Age of Reason" and "Rights of Man," would not stand the test of close scrutiny, and that they were wicked works, written to serve Paine's selfish

purposes ; indeed, after he had studied them calmly and impartially, he wondered how he could have been led away, even to the limited extent he had been, by such writings. A greater amount of elegant theory, and insinuating, but blasphemous error has perhaps never appeared in print ; at least such were the convictions at which Claremont arrived ; for he consigned them to the sea, with the remark, as he lay on the form on the deck under the awning where he had been reading them—" Thomas Paine, you were a clever, silvery-tongued fellow, and a cunning one too, and in the age of discontent in which you lived you had your reasons for your Age of Reason, and your own selfish objects to serve through your Rights of Man ; but as I can have no faith in your sophistry, I shall consign your works to the sea, where they may make an impression upon the whales and the sharks, the order of animals to which you say you belong, or if not, these animals will likely enough make an impression on them."

In about ten days after rounding the Cape

of Good Hope, the Emblem arrived at the island of St. Helena, where Claremont cast anchor for twenty-four hours, for the purpose of replenishing the stock of fresh water, and procuring a few extra provisions.

The passage from St. Helena to Liverpool was a long and tedious one, and occupied nearly two months ; a constant succession of either calms, or light and baffling winds prevailing the greater portion of the way, and easterly gales, against which he had to contend in his passage up St. George's Channel. The voyage, however, though it had occupied altogether close upon two years, proved on the whole a very successful one, and Mr. Greenwood was quite as well satisfied with the results, as he had been with the voyage to Mauritius and Calcutta.

The family of Stanley, after the business of the ship had been attended to, somehow or other occupied very frequently Claremont's thoughts. What Morrier had said about Catherine, awakened feelings which might otherwise have lain dormant ; and now that he had reached a position in society in some



measure approaching that which they occupied, he felt not merely a desire to ascertain what had become of them, and where they lived, but also to renew, if they were disposed, their acquaintanceship. He soon ascertained that Mr. Stanley had taken a house in the outskirts of Liverpool, and had invested the proceeds of the Mount Pleasant estate, as also a portion of Miss Gray's money, in business, but chiefly in coal mines, which were yielding handsome returns. He also learned that he was still a bachelor, and that Miss Gray kept house for him, as she had done for his father. Christina had for some time been married, as Morrier had informed him, to a merchant in Manchester; and Maria, in despite of what the good old lady said about marriage in general, had joined herself in matrimony with one of the best of men, a Mr. Browning, who carried on the business of a cotton-broker in Liverpool. Catherine was still unmarried; in fact, Miss Gray had frequently said, in her case also, that she was too young to think of a husband; but such thoughts sometimes enter the brains



of young ladies, and young gentlemen too, at a much earlier age ; and having finished her education, she was then living with her brother, and the old lady, at their house in the suburbs.

Mount Pleasant, which Mr. Stanley had bought and named after the West India property which he had sold, was a handsome family mansion. Situated between two and three miles from the Exchange, it stood upon a couple of acres of land, prettily laid out in gardens and shrubberies, with a small paddock. The house itself, only about forty yards from the road, was approached by a carriage-drive, and there were large iron gates on either side. Fully two weeks elapsed before Claremont could muster sufficient courage to call and pay his respects to the family, although one member thereof had been the hourly subject of his thoughts ; nor did he succeed in carrying out his intentions on the first day he made the attempt, even after he had hired a cab, and had been put down in sight of the house. His nerves, firm enough usually, did not prove sufficiently

firm that day to pull the hall-door bell of Mount Pleasant house. He walked from the cab to the railings in front, passed through one of the carriage-gates, reached the door and touched the bell-handle, hesitated, then touched it again, but never mustered courage enough to ring ; and he returned to town without having called. Why he was so nervous, and did such a foolish thing as hire a cab to no purpose, he could not then say, though some other people might have been able to explain the reason—Christina, for instance, who had tested the nerves of various young men. However, it was a fact, that after having reached the very doorsteps, he felt in such a state of trepidation that he never mustered courage enough to pull the bell ; and in truth, a thief, who had stolen the silver spoons and had reached the hall door with them in his possession, could not have slunk away in greater fear and trembling than did Captain Claremont on the first day he saw the house that contained Catherine Stanley. Nor was his nervous system very materially improved when, three days after-

wards, he made another attempt to see the fair one ; for though bold enough on that occasion to ring the bell, he felt very much inclined to run away after he had done so, and he hoped the answer would be that there was nobody at home.

Miss Gray, however, for whom he had inquired, was at home ; and when the old lady entered the drawing-room up-stairs, where he had mechanically followed the servant, his tongue had become useless. But Miss Gray, the easiest-mannered and kindest of old ladies, while she spoke for herself spoke for him also, by asking questions that required a long explanation on her part and a short answer on his. Then she seemed to be so delighted when she heard that he had been the captain of a ship for more than three years. Claremont soon became more at ease ; and though he had not, even after a considerable time had been spent in this easy sort of conversation, mustered courage enough to inquire for Catherine, Miss Gray must have perceived that his thoughts were running in that direction ; for she left the room, and

soon afterwards returned with that young lady, who looked about as shy as he himself would have done under similar circumstances.

Time had improved her appearance to the extent that Morrier had led him to expect. She had become taller, and more graceful than either of her sisters ; and though some persons might have thought her less beautiful, she had grown into a very handsome young woman ; so much so, that her bright and sparkling eyes, shining over her pretty, laughing lips, so thoroughly unnerved the sun-burnt sailor, that when she made her appearance he felt altogether unhinged. To enter into regular conversation was out of the question ; and though he had a great many things to speak about, he felt it necessary to confine his conversation to brief sentences, about the state of the weather, the atmosphere of Liverpool as compared with Demerara, and other matters of no interest to either speaker or hearer ; and even these remarks only came out in fits and starts. Catherine could not help him ; and Miss Gray, seeing that every attempt



to get up a consecutive or interesting conversation proved very futile, good-naturedly invited him to tea on the following evening, in the hope that he would then have recovered his conversational powers.

There was a pleasant family gathering, with the addition of a few young lady neighbours, some of whom had been boarding-school companions with Catherine. Mr. Stanley, a very intelligent and agreeable man, gave Claremont a hearty welcome ; and Mr. Browning, in his happy way, was equally kind. Christina, then on a visit from Manchester, and Maria also, had a great deal to talk about ; not that Maria talked much, for she was unchanged in her former quiet, gentle, and retiring manner ; but Christina never felt at a loss for words to convey, not merely her own thoughts, but those of her sister as well. She was however an excellent and most agreeable talker, and she rattled away about the accident at the jetty, about the stupidity of the negroes on that occasion, and her own fears and her sisters' screams, with such life and vigour, that Claremont



soon became much more at ease than he had been, when first ushered into the room, amongst so many young ladies. Nor did she confine her conversation to the one subject ; for she had many questions to ask, and her manner was so fascinating and charming, that Claremont could hardly fail to feel at ease in her society, even under the circumstances I have named. She had also many things to talk about that happened on board of the *Arctusa*, during the passage from Georgetown to Liverpool, and so many questions to ask as to what had become of Horace and Tom Horner, that he was beginning to feel at home in her society. He had however various ordeals to pass through that night, which tested his nerves ; and when — Miss Gray invited him to hand the cups of tea to the half dozen unmarried ladies, he would have obeyed with more firmness and alacrity an order to double the Cape in another south-wester. The cups would not keep steady in their saucers ; and when the girls simpered and looked at him, the cups and saucers became still more irregular in their motion.

It was altogether an awkward task to perform in society so novel to him. Then his mode of life had been so entirely different from theirs, that he really did not know what to say to the young ladies, and they either could not or would not rattle away to him as Christina had done. To attempt a lengthened conversation with Catherine would have made matters worse; and when he turned over the leaves of her music book, as she sung and played on the piano her favourite song of "Away on the wings of the wind," he made no end of mistakes. Nor did it mend matters when Mr. Browning began to joke him, and when, of course, the young marriageable ladies laughed at the jokes, and Catherine blushed; and the more they joked and laughed the more awkward he felt. The evening however passed pleasantly away, in spite of the mistakes he had made. At the next family gathering he felt much less nervous; and in time he learned that the best way to get on with young ladies was to treat them as equals, make them companions, and talk upon general subjects,



on which many of them will be found quite as intelligent, perhaps more so than the young men of their own age. While he remained at Liverpool he became a frequent, and he had perception enough to perceive that he was also a welcome, guest at Mount Pleasant house.

Business being at that time remarkably brisk, the Emblem was soon despatched on another voyage to the East, but Claremont did not sail in her. As he had expressed a wish to remain for a time on shore, Mr. Greenwood readily promised to give him command of another of his ships, whenever he desired to return to sea; indeed, that gentleman had arranged that he should remain for a time on shore. Two of his vessels had just then arrived at Limerick, one of them in distress, and requiring heavy repairs; and being dissatisfied with the masters of them both, Mr. Greenwood was anxious that Claremont should at once proceed to Limerick to look after his interests.

Having closed his accounts with the Emblem, and seen the new master fairly installed,

and the ship despatched, he called at Mount Pleasant to wish the Stanleys good bye. Miss Gray and Mr. Stanley were pleased when they heard he had obtained temporary employment on shore, remarking that it would lead to something more permanent. Catherine looked pleased also ; from all of which, Claremont came to the conclusion that, when in a position to maintain a wife, they would be ready to admit him as a member of their family ; and this feeling encouraged him to renewed exertions.

The most comfortable and convenient mode of reaching Limerick at that time was *via* Dublin, by steamer direct from Liverpool. When he stepped on board the one in which he had taken his passage, he was agreeably surprised to meet his old shipmate, Dugald Campbell, who held the berth of steward in her, and who had been steward of the *Cleopatra*. The few years that had intervened had made no change in him ; but it had so very materially changed the position and the appearance of Claremont, that when he held out his hand to Dugald, Dugald had not

the most remote idea who he was, and Claremont had some difficulty in convincing his old shipmate that he really was the boy whom McCallum and the boatswain had kicked about so unmercifully.

“ Well, wonders will never cease,” said Dugald ; “ for not five minutes before you came on board, I saw your old fellow-apprentice, Jamie Nutter, on the quay. Why, upon my life, there he is again,” continued Dugald, pointing to a dirty fellow, dressed in a red shirt and canvass trousers, but without any jacket or waistcoat. Claremont looked, and sure enough it was his old forecastle chum, Jamie, the never-do-well tailor’s son. He was staggering drunk ; with him were two women, as dirty as himself. They had, I suppose, been living upon him as long as the money lasted that he had drawn from his last voyage. Jamie, by his appearance, did not seem to have got beyond the position of a common sailor of the lowest grade.

Dugald confirmed what Claremont had heard in regard to the melancholy end of McCallum ; and from him he heard, with re-



gret, that Captain Dinning was also dead ; for though Dugald had not sailed under him, he knew him and his brother, the carpenter, with whom he had once been shipmate. The passage to Dublin, in itself a pleasant one, was made still more so by the reminiscences of the Cleopatra and her crew ; and on parting, Claremont slipped a sovereign into Dugald's hand, which expelled all doubts from the highlander's mind in regard to Claremont's rapid rise in the world.

No wonder Mr. Greenwood had been dissatisfied with the management of his affairs at Limerick. An outrageous expense was being incurred in the repairs of the vessel that had sustained the damage ; and when Claremont remonstrated, he was told that the brig being well insured, the underwriters should have to pay the greater portion of her repairs and outfit. That fact however did not, in his opinion, justify the master in arranging with the tradesmen to charge twenty per cent. more for the articles they supplied than they were worth, so that they might give him the difference, while they

granted a receipt in full; nor did it justify the master, even if it proved for the interest of the owners, to replace articles which had never been lost. Altogether, this man had such a vague idea of the difference between right and wrong, especially where his own interests were concerned, that Claremont considered his case a hopeless one, and therefore took upon himself the responsibility of discharging him forthwith, which Mr. Greenwood readily confirmed. It was vain, he saw, to expect reform from a man who held such lax notions of commercial morality.

The master of the other brig proved an equally hopeless character in his way, being always in a muddy state of stupidity through drink. He smelt of rum and bitters in the morning; rum and caraway seeds, with a mixture of beer, during the day; and rum, neat, stiff, and strong, in the evening. He never was clear about anything he had done, or had to do, or about any business connected with the brig, or about anybody, or anything belonging to her; but though too stupid to bargain for discounts and commis-



sions for himself, he allowed the agents to do so on their own account. When Claremont ascertained this fact, he dispensed with their services, as well as those of the second master, and took entirely into his own hands the business of both vessels.

Though detained at Limerick nearly four months, everything had been done so entirely to the satisfaction of Mr. Greenwood, that he resolved to offer Claremont the appointment of shipping-agent to a large coal-mining undertaking in Wales, which he, with a relative, and three London capitalists, had just commenced to work. The salary, though small, was, to one in his position, tempting enough; and it offered besides a prospect of linking his fortune with that of Catherine Stanley, which he could hardly have expected to do while he followed a seafaring life. He therefore readily accepted Mr. Greenwood's offer.

When Claremont left the Emblem, Tom Horner and Horace did so also, in the expectation of joining him in another ship; but, under his advice, they sought employment on

shore when he arranged to go to Limerick. Tom readily found work as a rigger until something better turned up.

Horace had long wished to set up in the public-house line, and on the Cheshire shore of the Mersey there was at that time a small hotel to let, very likely to suit his purpose. Though he had not saved sufficient money to purchase the good-will of the business, and stock and furnish the house, Miss Gray, considering his attention to herself and the young ladies on the passage home, lent him the required balance, and with a gift from Claremont to purchase various extra pieces of furniture, he started in fair style. A country hotel, and an English wife to assist him in its management, had for some time been the summit of Horace's ambition; and when he got possession of the pretty little house on the banks of the Mersey, about three or four miles above Birkenhead, and afterwards added to it a tidy little wife, he had obtained all he desired. Horace and his wife flourished. His house became a favourite resort with

the Liverpool people at holiday times. He soon repaid Miss Gray the loan she had so kindly let him have, and Horace, in time, rose to be an important personage in his way. Picnics and fashionable dinner parties were in summer held at his house almost daily. His wines were of the best and choicest order ; his house, one of the cleanest and neatest to be found anywhere ; and his cook, a man of his own colour, retained during the season, was one of the best of caterers and cooks combined. Various little creoles, in the course of years, completed their sum of human happiness ; and thus I take leave of the warm-hearted Horace—at least for the present, for I may on another occasion pay him and his family a visit.

Besides a fitter—the name by which shipping coal-agents are generally known,—the company to which Claremont had been appointed required a “running fitter,” a seafaring man, whose duties were confined entirely to the berthing of the ships which were engaged to load the coals ; and, through his influence, Tom Horner received the

appointment. Though getting up in years, he had still a great deal of work in him; and from his steady habits, and great experience in everything connected with a ship, he was admirably adapted for the situation.

Claremont's short, but arduous and eventful life at sea, here ends. I hope my readers have been sufficiently interested in its narration to accompany me, while I endeavour to relate a portion of his equally arduous career on shore.

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